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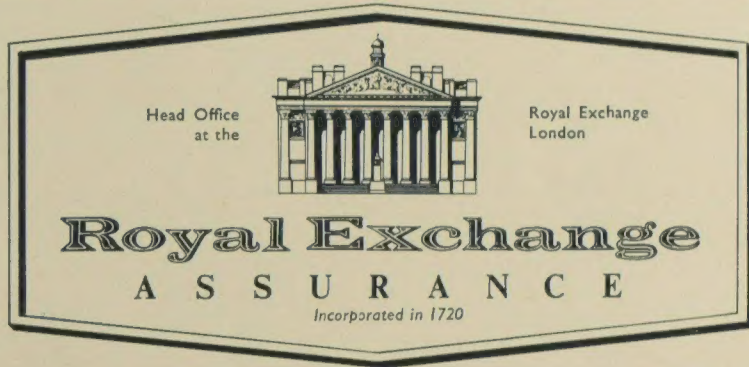


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Shell guide to LIFE IN THE SKY



Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

Even the air is a zone of life. Feathery seeds—of DANDELION (1), for instance, or ROSEBAY WILLOW-HERB (2)—rise and are distributed on air currents. Birds make different use of the air. It is a zone of passage, as for GREY LAG GEESE (3).


For birds of prey—such as the aptly named WINDHOVER, STANDGALE or KESTREL (4), or the slow, soaring, volplaning BUZZARD (5), the air is also a medium for surveying the terrestrial world of their prey. The SKYLARK (6) takes singing to air as a bird adapted to treeless plains and fields. SWIFT (7), SWALLOW (8) and HOUSE MARTIN (9)—each is a virtuoso of flight, catching on the wing those insects which are also denizens of air. Insects also feed the bats, which are the only true-flying mammals (hence their old country name of 'flittermouse'). Here you see the very small, very common, quick-flying PIPISTRELLE (10), the common, gliding LONG-EARED BAT (11), which hovers to pick its insect food off leaves, and the less common, fluttering GREATER HORSESHOE BAT (12), most frequent in caves in the south-west. Another mammal, *Homo sapiens*, contrives his flight high in the air, his machines inscribing vapour trails (13) above cloud-level.

Memorandum: bats do *not* catch in your hair.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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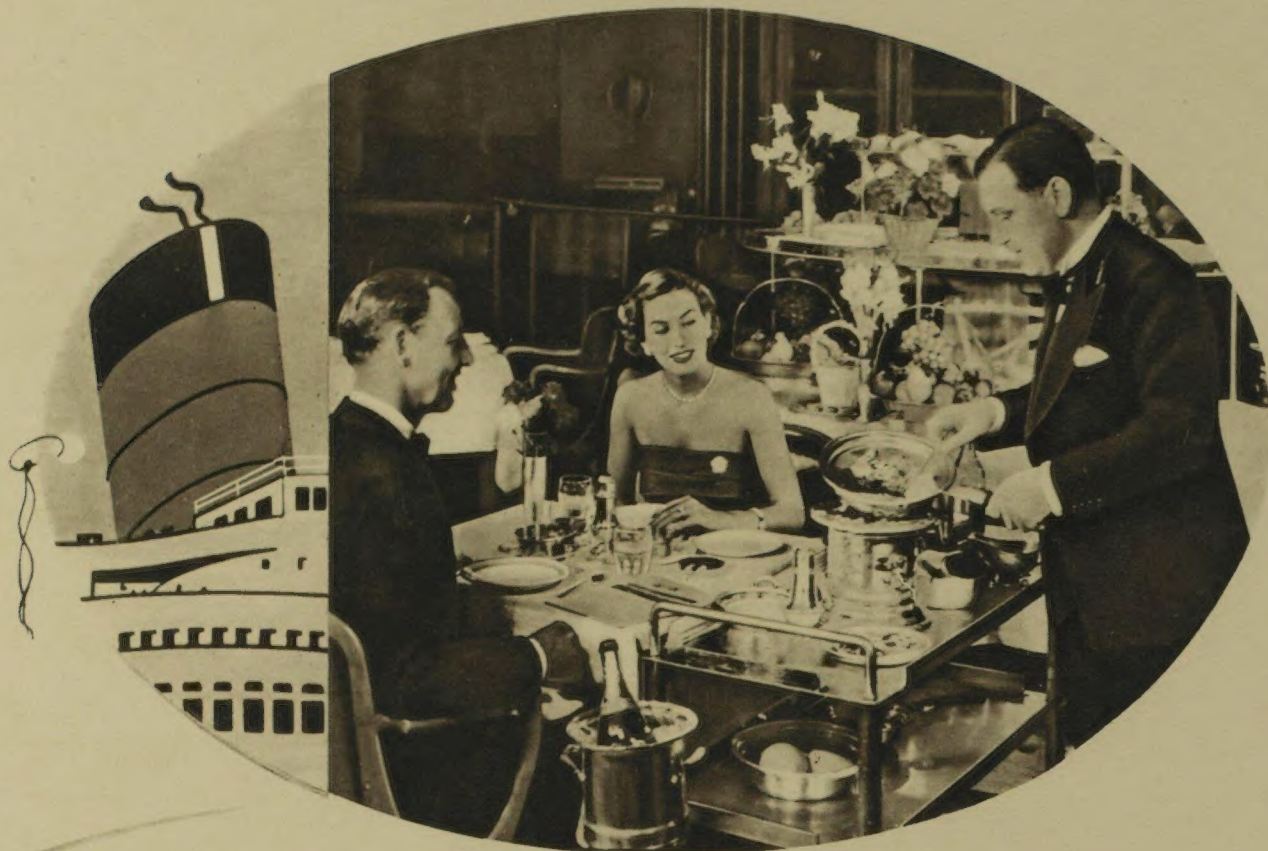
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1958.



MOURNING, IN CONCERT WITH THAT WHICH WAS SHOWN THROUGHOUT LONDON ON JULY 30, FOR KING FAISAL'S TRAGIC DEATH: THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST AT HARROW, HIS OLD SCHOOL.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AFTER listening the other evening to a wireless talk by an obviously enchanting lady who had been a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra at King Edward VII's Coronation, I found myself irresistibly drawn to a bookshelf at the far end of my library which contains the bound volumes of *The Illustrated London News* for the opening years of this century. I took down the huge tome—one could brain a man with it—for the second half of 1902 and began to turn the pages, and how rewarding they were! For the next hour I was far away from the strident and lax-mannered metropolis of the rainy summer of 1958 and living in the rich, outwardly decorous—though inwardly rather raffish—and sumptuous world which I used to gape at as I toddled by my nurse's side up Grosvenor Place or Buckingham Palace Road to the Park. I say rich—and the luxurious living of the fortunate possessors of wealth in those days was greater probably than at any other period of human history—yet how comparatively little wealth by modern standards a man needed to be comfortable and even to cut a modest dash in that far-away world! In the page open before me is an advertisement inserted by the Association of Diamond Merchants, Jewellers and Silversmiths in the issue of August 2, 1902. One could apparently buy a Bar Brooch with Trefoils of Pearls and three Turquoises for £1 5s., a Tie Brooch containing forty-four diamonds for £6 6s., a Platinum and Gold Scarf Pin with a Pearl Ball for 12s. 6d., a Ruby and Diamond Engagement Ring for £2 2s., a Royal Crown set with twenty-nine Diamonds, three Sapphires and Eight Rubies for £6 15s., and a facsimile of the Coronation Chair in Sterling Silver for 8s. 6d. And for particularly patriotic ladies there was a solid gold emblem the size of a sovereign with an engraving of Edward VII for 7s. 6d. For anyone interested in these prices the telephone number given in the advertisement is Gerrard 5178, but as the line is just fifty-six years old, I am afraid intending customers are likely to be disappointed. And though it seems incredible, I see one could also buy a Kodak Camera from the Kodak Company in Clerkenwell Road for 5s. And a hundred State Express cigarettes for 4s. 9d.

However, the play's the thing, and the human play in 1902, as depicted in this journal's pages, was as stately and majestic as the prices of goods were cheap. The title of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" march shines through every page of that triumphant autumn's pageantry; the war had been won, the King had recovered from his dramatic illness and had, almost miraculously as it seemed, been crowned; the Navy ruled the Seven Seas, and all the panoply of nearly a hundred years of peace and unparalleled prosperity was displayed for an admiring and envious world. And the wealth positively oozes from those well-padded cheeks and confident faces which look out at us from the photographs showing the good and great of the early Edwardian Establishment as they take their stately part in the Coronation celebrations; port and cigars and scents, ostrich feathers and lace, gold braid and gleaming harness, it is like "the precious ointment upon the head that ran down unto the beard, even unto Aaron's beard, even down to the skirts of his clothing." As for the food, that is of those who had the wherewithal to purchase any, it gives one indigestion even to read the menus of the time. When the King stayed at Welbeck, according to a volume of memoirs of high life of below stairs that I have just been reading, the menu, with the instructions to the waiting footmen, read:

Clear Turtle Soup *Serve with dry Sherry.*
Poached Turbot *Serve with oyster sauce and Rhine wine.*

Chicken en Truffles	<i>Begin to serve champagne.</i>
Beef with Yorkshire Pudding	<i>Begin to serve claret.</i>
Vegetables.	
Egyptian Quail Red Currant Jelly	<i>Continue to serve claret.</i>
Salade au Nature	<i>Serve on a crescent, glass plate fitted exactly next to the dinner plate. Continue with claret.</i>
Strawberry Trifle	<i>Serve champagne.</i>
Savoury (Scotch Woodcock)	<i>Begin to serve one vintage port.</i>
Ices and Petits Fours	<i>Serve small gateaux and champagne.</i>
Fruit	<i>Serve tall compôte dishes with all kinds of fresh fruit.</i>
	<i>Serve grapes. Serve three kinds of vintage port.</i>
Coffee	<i>Coffee at table.</i>
	<i>Serve brandy, cigars, and cigarettes.*</i>

There was a shadow over all this pomp, luxury and prosperity, and it had a shrivelled arm, a



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER HER FIRST OUTING, ON JULY 27, SINCE HER ATTACK OF CATARRHAL SINUSITIS BEGAN.

The Queen spent two hours away from Buckingham Palace on July 27. It was the first time her Majesty had been outside the Palace grounds since her attack of catarrhal sinusitis began some three weeks earlier. She made another outing on the following day, when she was again visited by her doctors, Lord Evans, Sir John Weir, and Mr. Cecil Hogg. The Queen was taken ill shortly before she was to have visited Carlisle on July 8, and it was later announced that her Majesty could not undertake any public engagements before the end of July.

waxed moustache and wore a *pickelhaube*. In the light of what we now know, a civilisation destroyed, a generation dead and the dragon seeds sown on their graves of a Second World War, there is something very sinister about the photographs of the Kaiser—the strutting "All Highest" of a virile, brave, stupid, industrious and incredibly docile spartan nation that was to shatter all this luxury and inherited wealth as though it had never been. In some of his pictures, notably one of him in hunting costume in the Harz Mountains with the youthful Crown Prince and the Prince Regent of Brunswick, the Imperial War Lord's resemblance to Hitler is quite startling; the background of the two men could not have been more dissimilar, but, enshrining the same fearful ideal and diseased vanity of Teutonic conquest, their images in some mysterious way blend: indeed, the horrible massacres of myriads of poor driven beasts and birds in which the one so loved to indulge throw the mind forward, not only to the grisly holocaust to come on the barbed-wire

entanglements of Flanders and Verdun, but to the gas chambers of Auschwitz and the aerial massacres of Warsaw, Belgrade and Rotterdam.

It is curious, indeed, to see how many of the familiar public anxieties and interests of our own age were current in those of the Edwardians. There was the Middle East problem, mirrored here in a State visit from the Shah, inscrutable, heavy and lethargic-looking, with enormous handlebar moustaches, and behind him a train of Oriental cynics, so covered with stars as to be almost invisible; the Near East problem with Moroccan rebels about to murder their prisoners, and fear-some-looking gentlemen, the very spit of Colonel Grivas, springing out of the Albanian rocks, bent on assassination; the Russian-Siberian slave camps, with political exiles with long matted hair drinking, on their hands and knees, from frozen water-troughs or chained to wheel-barrow while brutal guards stand watch over them. There was even a Pedestrians' League formed by spirited persons "resolved"—alas vainly!—"not to be put down by motor-cars." Space travel, too, figures; though then it was not a rocket to the moon men awaited but, "a message from Mars"—at that time thought to be inhabited—as an advertisement reveals depicting a weird figure from outer space (remarkably like the moon-men of modern illustrated space fiction) flashing down a beam of electric light the message to earth: "Send us up some PEARS' SOAP."

It was in many respects a vulgar age—in retrospect, and so long as one is a long way away from it, a deliciously vulgar one! To-day it is what were then called, and with justice, the poor and who now are poor no longer but a highly protected and comfortably privileged *petite bourgeois* class, who are vulgar; in those days it was the very rich. Curiously enough, the few survivors among the latter who have lived on into our own age are not now vulgar in the least, but often touchingly noble, as they bend uncomplaining, with rheumatic-y limbs, over their kitchen sinks in minute airless flats or converted cottages, while the poor or working classes of the early 1900's, though rough and not always overclean, were also the very reverse of vulgar and touchingly noble in their industry, frugality and generous kindness to one another. What the moral of all this is I don't know; probably Dr. Johnson's shrewd saw that most schemes of human improvement are very laughable things! For the truth, I suppose, is that there is so much good in human nature and so much evil, and certain circumstances will always evoke the good and other circumstances the evil; and those on the materialistic up-and-up, particularly in its steep early stages, will always be grasping, mean and flamboyant, in other words vulgar, and those upon whom fortune heaps its favours undeserved and without struggle will always, or nearly always, be arrogant, selfish and unrealist. And the corollary is also true: that adversity bravely faced and philosophically endured will always produce nobility and magnanimity of spirit, that is, the opposite of vulgarity. There was plenty of vulgarity in the London of 1902 and there is plenty in the London of 1958, as indeed there was in that of 1938. But there was not a grain of it, except possibly in a few exceptionally well-padded and self-important Government Offices, in the London of the winter of 1940-41. "Joy and woe," as the poet Blake said,

are woven fine
A clothing for the soul divine; . . .
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know
Through the world we safely go.

* F. J. Gorts, "Of Carriages and Kings." W. H. Allen (1956), p. 174.

RECOVERED FROM HER ILLNESS: HER MAJESTY AT GOODWOOD.



HER FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER HER ILLNESS: HER MAJESTY (RIGHT, AND INSET) TALKING WITH JOCKEY W. H. CARR AS THE RUNNERS WERE PARADED IN THE PADDOCK BEFORE THE GOODWOOD CUP.



AT THE GOODWOOD MEETING ON JULY 31: THE QUEEN SMILINGLY ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE RACEGOERS AS SHE LEFT THE PADDOCK.



LOOKING FIT AGAIN AFTER HER ILLNESS: THE QUEEN, WEARING A BLUE-AND-WHITE DRESS, WITH THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

The Queen, happily recovered from her three-week illness, left Buckingham Palace on July 31 to attend the last two days of the Goodwood meeting. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, were greeted at Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in whose box they had luncheon. Before the Goodwood Cup the Queen went to the paddock, where she spoke to W. H. Carr, who rode her horse *Doutelle* in the big race of the day. Despite

W. H. Carr's efforts, however, *Doutelle* came in last of the four runners, the race being won by *Gladness*, ridden by Lester Piggott. The next race, the Singleton Handicap, was won, in the owner's absence, by W. H. Carr on Sir Winston Churchill's *Welsh Abbot*, with the Queen's only other runner of the day, *Stroma*, finishing last. Although there was no Royal winner for the crowd to cheer, they made up for it with the welcome which they gave the Queen and their obvious pleasure that she was well again.

ROYAL OCCASIONS IN ENGLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA; A NEW SERIES OF STAMPS.



(Left.) AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR KING FAISAL: SIR ANTHONY AND LADY EDEN (RIGHT) LEAVING THE QUEEN'S CHAPEL OF THE SAVOY.

A memorial service for King Faisal, members of the Hashemite Royal family and of the Arab Union Government who were killed in the Iraq revolt, was held in the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy on July 30. The Queen was represented by the Duke of Gloucester.

(Right.) RECENTLY ANNOUNCED: A NEW SERIES OF REGIONAL STAMPS.

Designs for new stamps, incorporating local symbols, were announced by the Postmaster-General on July 31.



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SCOTLAND



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ISLE OF MAN



AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, DARTMOUTH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING A QUEEN'S COLOUR.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH INSPECTING THE PARADE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, WHEN 500 MIDSHIPMEN WERE PASSING OUT.

The Duke of Edinburgh, himself a cadet at Dartmouth twenty years ago, visited the Royal Naval College on July 28 to present a Queen's Colour on behalf of the Queen. He also addressed a parade at which 500 midshipmen were passing out. On July 29 he opened extensions to the Naval Engineering College at Manadon.



AFTER RECEIVING AN HONORARY DEGREE: PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

On July 25, her last full day in British Columbia, Princess Margaret was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver. In the evening, before taking the train for Banff in the early hours of July 26, her Royal Highness attended the Lieutenant Governor's Ball, held in H.M.C.S. *Discovery*, the Naval Reserve headquarters.



PRINCESS MARGARET WITH THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AT THE BALL IN H.M.C.S. *DISCOVERY*.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN DOVER ON JULY 31, ON THE OCCASION OF THE INAUGURAL PARADE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN REGIMENT OF YORKSHIRE, FORMED FROM THE OLD WEST AND EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENTS. THE PRINCESS ROYAL TOOK THE SALUTE AT THE PARADE.



THE PRINCESS AND THE BALLET DANCERS: A DELIGHTFUL SCENE DURING PRINCESS MARGARET'S VISIT TO THE BANFF SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS ON THE THIRD DAY OF HER STAY IN ALBERTA.

After Princess Margaret's two-week tour of British Columbia, on the occasion of the Province's centennial celebrations, she arrived in Alberta on July 26 at the start of her visit to six other provinces which ends in Nova Scotia on August 11. On her arrival at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, where she spent the week-end, Princess Margaret was told by Mr. Manning, the provincial Premier, that the province had just named a peak in the Rockies in her honour. On July 28 the Princess drove from the ranch house where she was staying, a few miles outside Banff, to visit the Banff School of Fine Arts, where she saw

students from many parts of the Commonwealth at work. The school has an annual enrolment of 600 students and was founded in 1933 by Alberta University as a school of arts related to the theatre. Since then it has expanded to include a comprehensive range of artistic activities. The Princess also made a tour by car, during which she saw some of the wonderful mountain scenery near Banff. On her last day in Alberta, the Princess paid a brief visit to Calgary, where she watched about forty cowboys giving a miniature of the famous Calgary stampede. Later, she flew to Saskatchewan.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



A LOSS TO MOTOR RACING: THE LATE PETER COLLINS.

Peter Collins, the British racing driver, died on August 3 after his Ferrari had crashed at high speed in the German Grand Prix at the Nürburgring. Collins, who was twenty-seven, did not regain consciousness after the crash. At the time he was in second place, and held third place in the world championship. His wife, present at the race, came to the hospital where he died. Only recently he won the British Grand Prix.



AT THE PASSING-OUT PARADE AT CRANWELL: GENERAL NORSTAD PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR.

General Norstad, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, attended the Passing-Out Parade at the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, on July 29, and above is seen presenting the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer A. E. Thomson, Royal New Zealand Air Force.



A SCHOOLBOY WITH AN ARMED GUARD: PRINCE HASSAN, KING HUSSEIN'S BROTHER.

Prince Hassan, the eleven-year-old brother of King Hussein of Jordan, was provided by Scotland Yard with an armed guard when he was in London recently. He had just started his summer holidays from a school in Hastings and was on his way to Jordan.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



"ELEPHANT BILL" DIES: LIEUT.-COLONEL J. H. WILLIAMS. Lieut.-Colonel J. H. Williams, the author of "Elephant Bill" (which was his own nickname), died at Penzance aged sixty on July 30. During World War II he was in command of the XIVth Army's elephant company. When Burma was evacuated, Colonel Williams herded forty-nine elephants together and loaded them with women and children refugees whom he brought 170 miles through the jungle and over mountains to India.



GREETING HIS SUCCESSOR: PRESIDENT CHAMOUN OF LEBANON, RIGHT, SHAKING HANDS WITH GENERAL CHEHAB AFTER HIS ELECTION ON JULY 31.

General Chehab, the Lebanese C.-in-C., was elected on July 31 to succeed President Chamoun in September. The voting, in a second ballot, was 48 to 7, with one blank vote and ten Deputies absent. It was hoped the election would bring a political settlement in Lebanon after three months of rebellion.



THE FIFTH REPUBLIC: GENERAL DE GAULLE, FOLLOWED BY FRENCH MINISTERS, ARRIVING AT THE PALAIS ROYAL TO PRESENT THE FIRST DRAFT OF THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

In a five-minute speech on July 29 General de Gaulle presented the first draft of the Constitution of the Fifth Republic to the special Consultative Committee which was to examine the proposals. The Constitution would increase the power of the President and offer a choice of status to overseas territories in the French Union.



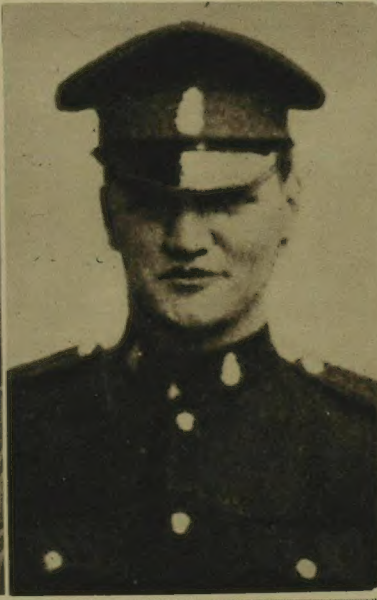
LEAVING FOR THE UNITED STATES: CHRISTINE TRUMAN AND ANN HAYDON AT LONDON AIRPORT.

Christine Truman and Ann Haydon, the British tennis players, left London Airport on July 31 for the United States, where they will play in tournaments and in the championships at Forest Hills.



A BRITISH OFFICER KILLED IN CYPRUS: LT.-COL. F. L. COLLIER, R.A.S.C.

On August 2 Sergeant R. G. Hammond was shot at close range and killed while out shopping with his two-and-a-half-year-old son in Nicosia. This brutal act was followed, on August 3, by the shooting of Lieut.-Colonel Collier in his garden at Limassol. An Eoka "cease-fire" was ordered on August 4.



A BRUTAL MURDER IN NICOSIA: SGT. R. G. HAMMOND, R.A.O.C.

On August 2 Sergeant R. G. Hammond was shot at close range and killed while out shopping with his two-and-a-half-year-old son in Nicosia. This brutal act was followed, on August 3, by the shooting of Lieut.-Colonel Collier in his garden at Limassol. An Eoka "cease-fire" was ordered on August 4.



ARRIVING AT SOUTHAMPTON: GENERAL FESTING, THE NEW C.I.G.S.

General Festing arrived at Southampton from the Far East, where he has been C.-in-C., Far East Land Forces, on July 26. In September he is to succeed Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer as C.I.G.S.

FIFTY YEARS OLD: ANTARCTIC FOODSTUFFS.



BEFORE BEING OPENED: FIFTY-YEAR-OLD TINS OF FOOD TAKEN FROM THE ANTARCTIC BASES OF SHACKLETON AND SCOTT; AND A BOTTLE OF CHUTNEY.



TESTED, TASTED AND FOUND GOOD: SOME OF THE FIFTY-YEAR-OLD FOOD OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE WHICH WAS RECENTLY EXAMINED AT LEATHERHEAD.



A LITTLE "MUSHY" BUT QUITE EDIBLE: A FIFTY-YEAR-OLD TIN OF KIPPERED HERRINGS BEING SAMPLED BY DR. H. EGAN, OF THE GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS' DEPARTMENT. IT DATED FROM THE 1908-09 SHACKLETON EXPEDITION.

Tests were recently made at the British Food Manufacturing Industries Research Association's laboratories at Leatherhead on tins of food about fifty years old taken from the Antarctic bases of Shackleton and Scott. All the food was said to be still edible. A bottle of chutney and a tin of meat extract from the United States 1939-41 expedition were also examined. The food was found in recent years by a U.S. Task Force attached to the U.S. Antarctica programmes.

JERSEY'S BATTLE OF FLOWERS.



WINNER OF THE PRIX D'HONNEUR IN THE ANNUAL BATTLE OF FLOWERS IN JERSEY: A COLOURFUL TABLEAU CALLED "ROCKET RIDE."



ON A DAY WHEN THE RAIN, HAPPILY, WAS "MAINLY ON THE PLAIN" IN SPAIN: "MY FAIR LADY," ONE OF THE MANY FLOATS OF MASSES OF FLOWERS, WHICH DELIGHTED LARGE CROWDS OF ONLOOKERS DURING JERSEY'S FAMOUS BATTLE OF FLOWERS.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE RAIN IT RAINETH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HOPE very much that, by the time this appears, it will have stopped raining. In fact, if the words are read beneath a scorching sun, with the prospect of anti-cyclonic conditions for at least another eight days, I am unlikely to object. You will have gathered from this comment, with its selfish timing, that I look to a holiday. True, at the moment, I contemplate it with gloom: a night-wind ravages the tree outside my window, and rain that swishes steadily upon flower-bed and pavement shows no sign of letting up for another year or so. All told, it is a night for Ark-building.

Naturally, in such a mood as this, I am thinking of stage storms. Many of them remind me invariably of my father's tale of the hurricane that raged for two nights and days round his cargo-ship in the South Atlantic. When at length it was over, he waited for some observation from my mother, who was sailing with him. All she said was: "How can you expect me to knit with the ship tumbling about like that?" I remembered this at Stratford-upon-Avon the other night, when, during the third act of "Pericles," the surges were washing both Heaven and Hell, and the deafening, dreadful thunders managed successfully to blot out Shakespeare. Poor Thaisa, travelling with her husband, was in no state that night to think of knitting.

Some of our Shakespearean directors, as I have suggested before, in their anxiety to prove to us that it is a rough night, forget that the storm is in the speeches: we grow tired of strenuous illustrative realism. It was a pleasure, in one of the first three of the British Council Shakespeare recordings, the "Othello," to notice, almost for the first time, the opening of the Cyprus scene, "If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea, What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, Can hold the mortise?" Far too often, that has been boomed at us in competition with a wind machine. Here I may be allowed to note that three more sets of the Shakespeare records (issued by the Argo Record Company) will give immense delight to all who look for the word, unfussed and unadorned. I have been impressed particularly by a "Coriolanus" and a "Julius Caesar," each done in the high Roman fashion; but there is also a "Richard the Second" of quality and insight, a richly phrased performance. I hope to be able to return to these later. When we listen to them, the excitement is in the mind, as it should be.

But I was talking about the weather, a very English thing to do at high summer. On such a night as this, the sweet wind does not gently kiss the trees. Instead, memory is with the rain-dark stanza of Hardy's "Weathers" through which "the hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe," or with the opening note from Shaw's "Passion, Poison, and Petrifaction": "A fearful flash is followed by an appalling explosion of heaven's artillery"; or with the rain in the second act of the Moscow "Uncle Vanya." This was so realistic that I was not altogether sure, when a rapt colleague told me during an interval that it was like a tone-poem, whether he was talking about the performance or the rain.

So many dramatists have enjoyed a little rough weather. Consider the South Sea deluges in the play founded on Maugham's "Rain," a party for any effects man. Is not (to be topical) "The Mouse-trap" snowbound? And remember those

stories of the first night of "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane in 1920. There was a sandstorm in the Sahara (the garden of Allah). At the première the pea-flour used for the sand blew out into the house and powdered the occupants of the front stalls. "They looked like millers," wrote a critic, "talked of gas-masks in the interval, and suggested that Mr. Arthur Collins should invite the public to come unto these yellow sands." Mary Anderson de Navarro, who shared in the



SET IN A CANADIAN PRAIRIE TOWN: "NOON HAS NO SHADOWS" (ARTS), BY MISS PATRICIA JOUDRY. IN THIS SCENE FROM THE PLAY MELINDA GRANT (SUZANNE FINLAY) INTRODUCES HER MOTHER (DONA MARTYN) TO WILL HENDERSON (JONATHAN WHITE).



AT THE LONDON COLISEUM FOR A 41-WEEK SEASON WHICH STARTED ON JULY 31: THE SADLER'S WELLS OPERA COMPANY PRODUCTION OF FRANZ LEHAR'S "THE MERRY WIDOW." IN THIS SCENE JUNE BRONHILL (CENTRE), AS ANNA GLAVARI, THE MERRY WIDOW, SINGS TRIUMPHANTLY OF DANILO.

adaptation of the play, wrote in her autobiography: "When the Queen came she asked to have the storm cut out, as the sand came into the audience and got into people's hair and clothes."

Still, the theme is rain. Here I do not want to go into catalogue. There is plenty to remember: for example, the end of the second act of Thornton

Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," with the storm-cone hoisted and a new Flood advancing. We know, too, that in another work of which we have heard a few discreet whispers lately, the rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. And anyone who consults a manual on theatrecraft, such as that by the excellent Harald Melvill, will discover how "pouring rain" is produced by "running a pipe just out of sight above the door, window, arch, or veranda, with little holes bored all along its length. One end is stopped up, and the other attached to a long hose-pipe, fixed to the nozzle of a tap, which is turned on for the rain effect." At the moment, frankly, I do not want any rain effect. I do not want to be reminded of the storm on the heath, or the chimneys blown down, or the nine-men's-morris filled up with mud. I want to look at a stage in flaming sunshine. It cannot flame enough for me. My song would be Arthur Davenport's from long ago:

In fact, thankful we should be
We're permitted still to see
There's a sun still shining in the sky.

The latest plays, I am sorry to add, have not been very cheering. There was no weather to speak of in "The Private Prosecutor" (Royal Court), though the stage climate was sultry. Thomas Wiseman's drama of a psychiatrist in trouble, matrimonial and professional, developed slowly, and its actors, from the Salisbury Arts Theatre, seemed to be shy of it. A better play, "As You Like It," which I caught on a sunny afternoon in Regent's Park, was spoiled for me (though the audience enjoyed it all extremely) by a Rosalind without a natural sense of style. But we were glad to recognise Robert Atkins's understanding of Jaques and to mark in the Phebe (Jocelyn Britton) a young actress of spirit who will be a valued memory of the Park season.

Even on a bright day in the Park, we had that verbal hint of winter and rough weather, though I was wondering too much, as usual, about the people who are mentioned in "As You Like It," but who never appear, to worry myself about the climate. There is a surprising off-stage cast. Think of them: the old man and his three sons (all broken by Charles the Wrestler); Hesperia, Celia's gentlewoman; Touchstone's Jane Smile; Corin's late master, "of churlish disposition"; and the "old religious man"—approved by Samuel Johnson—who converted Duke Frederick both from his enterprise and from the world. I suppose, too, that we might add the lioness and the "green and gilded snake."

Shakespeare does not let us forget the climate. "You and you" he makes Hymen say to Touchstone and Audrey, "are sure together, As the winter to foul weather." Foul weather: the phrase was lingering with me at night when, to the sound of a renewed down-pour, I picked up Norman Collins's "The

Three Friends"—a book I wish somebody would dramatise—and opened it at the words: "It had evidently been raining more heavily in Highgate than in most places. The water was coming down the hill in little cascades; the tram-lines were full and bubbling over."

I am not spending my holiday in Highgate; but the weather forecast has just spoken ominously of the area in which I am likely to be. It does not cheer me much to recall that—according to report—there were some very fine nights there during a summer in the early 'eighties.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"JAMES THE FOURTH" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Acted in the open air by the Drama Department of the University of Bristol. (August 4.)



"AN IMPRESSION OF REMARKABLE DISTINCTION AND BEAUTY": ELIZA DOOLITTLE (JULIE ANDREWS) IN HER EXQUISITE COSTUME FOR THE BRILLIANT ASCOT SCENE OF "MY FAIR LADY."

"Pickering enters, followed by Eliza, who is exquisitely dressed; she produces an impression of remarkable distinction and beauty." Thus the stage directions in Act I, scene 7, of Alan Jay Lerner's and Frederick Loewe's "My Fair Lady," the outstandingly successful musical adapted from Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." The part of Eliza Doolittle was brilliantly created in New York by the young English actress Julie Andrews, who is now entralling

packed audiences at Drury Lane. Here we see Eliza in her lovely Ascot costume, designed by Cecil Beaton for one of her most charming scenes. Discovered by Professor Higgins (Rex Harrison) as a little Cockney flower girl, she is now given her first opportunity to prove the effectiveness of his tuition in making her a society lady. But she still has much to learn and thoroughly shocks the straight-faced Ascot crowd, where "ev'ry one who should be here is here."

Colour photograph by Cecil Beaton.



"INTIMIDATED, ELIZA, THAT'S WHAT WE ARE": DOOLITTLE (STANLEY HOLLOWAY), "DRESSED UP LIKE A RUDDY PALL-BEARER," BEMOANS HIS FATE TO HIS DAUGHTER IN THE FRITH-LIKE COVENT GARDEN FLOWER MARKET SCENE IN ACT 2 OF "MY FAIR LADY."



"COME ON, COME ON, DOVER!": ELIZA DOOLITTLE (JULIE ANDREWS) EXPRESSING INTEREST IN ONE OF THE RACES IN THE ASCOT SCENE OF "MY FAIR LADY," AND THEREBY CONSIDERABLY UPSETTING THE EQUILIBRIUM OF THOSE AROUND HER, MUCH TO THE FASCINATION OF PROFESSOR HIGGINS (REX. HARRISON).

THE COVENT GARDEN FLOWER MARKET AND THE "DASHING SPECTACLE" OF ASCOT: TWO SCENES FROM "MY FAIR LADY."

There can be little doubt that "My Fair Lady" will go down as one of the greatest musicals of our time. Brilliantly combining fine words, memorable music and rousing spectacle, it has completely won over all its audiences despite the high degree of criticism that must arise around a production so regularly swamped in praise. As one looks at these two gay scenes from "My Fair Lady" there is an uncontrollable urge to hum the delightful tunes

with which they are associated, or to smile yet again at the thought of the many witty remarks made in these settings. The straight-faced Ladies and Gentlemen at Ascot provide a notable contrast to the lighthearted men and women of the Flower Market. Eliza moves among them all as the true incarnation of "My Fair Lady"—a charming title for a wonderful musical that has already blazed a wide trail across the pages of theatrical history.

Colour photographs by Cecil Beaton.

I HAVE hitherto commented here directly on the situation brought about by the revolt in Iraq and its repercussions in Lebanon and Jordan, together with the plans for a conference on the subject. A broad survey is a more difficult task but is worth attempting. The political landscape is enveloped in a dense mist of clichés. We must "accept the factor of Arab nationalism"; we must "learn to accommodate ourselves to it"; we must "find out how to live with Nasser." Yes, yes, and one might go on to urge that we should "cut our coat according to our cloth" and "look before we leap." In point of fact, we know more about Egypt, more about the Middle East, more about the Arab world than any other people.

We have made grave mistakes, starting in the early days of the effort of King Hussein's great-grandfather to free Arabia and Syria from Turkish rule. Then a series of double-barrelled negotiations, not deliberately dishonest, resulted in pledges to France utterly inconsistent with those given to the Arabs. Those errors were largely repaired. Others since have so far proved beyond repair. But, as I pointed out recently, the reproach that British Governments in this century have failed to realise the nature or the force—or, for that matter, the aberrations—of Arab nationalism is unfounded. Mistakes have played a minor part. The main sources of the troubles, of which the present imbroglio is one only, must be sought elsewhere.

Chief among them must be reckoned the conflicts between the policies of Britain and the United States. It would be absurd to put all the blame for them on one side. The British were, in the early days of America's close relations with the Middle East, inclined to be intolerably patronising, telling the "raw newcomers" that any little guidance they might need would always be at their disposal. Now official America, to its credit, often feels that it ought to be more at home in a new situation than it is in fact, and that it must get down to hard study, in text-books as well as on the spot; it never feels that it wants outside instruction. The British may have sinned in some other ways, but the errors and inconsistencies of the United States were many.

I would rank them under four headings: Arab-Israel relations, policy on Egypt, an anti-colonial ideology which has become naïve in the light of actualities to-day, and the failure to control—sometimes the support of, in dubious ventures—a bustling band of "oil men" burdened by few scruples. Under Mr. Truman the United States was strongly pro-Israel. The swing of opinion under the Republicans was in part influenced by the oil development in Arab lands; in part, it would seem, by a reassessment of the Jewish vote and of Jewish American fervour for Israel; in part by a laudable sense of proportion.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITAIN, THE U.S. AND THE ARABS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

But the sense of proportion got out of proportion, as Israel has had good cause to realise.

American dealings with Egypt over the High Dam may go down to history as an example of power politics in the raw. The project was favoured as a means to forestall Russian initiative. When it was discovered that Russian initiative did not extend to the great sum needed, the United States withdrew support. Other reasons doubtless existed, but this was the main one. The result was to turn an unfriendly Egyptian dictator into an implacable foe and to increase his influence enormously. Anti-colonialism is now a drum which rallies serious people to no good cause, because it has virtually ceased to be an issue. Where the drum might have been beaten, over Cyprus, it has not been heard. Power politics again. But the drum rallies hatred of Britain—and the United States. The bitterness of the oil struggle has been

the whole Middle East, it would be viable. It would have a chance of lasting for some little time, though not, I think, for very long. Thoughtless people often say that the organisation of oil exploitation matters not at all, since whoever possesses it in the Middle East has to sell it. One cannot indeed suppose that in any

circumstances Middle East oil would be cut off from outside buyers in time of peace. One may also note that at the moment the new Iraqi Government seems to be taking an enlightened view of the subject of oil production and marketing. But these colossal oil resources in unfriendly hands could be used to blackmail customers and to starve our defence forces into surrender at a critical moment.

Try to imagine the capital losses which might be inflicted on this country. I am not mourning in advance those of "oil millionaires." It is not their money which has sunk the wells and laid the pipes and built the refineries, but yours and mine. Looking farther ahead, worse possibilities appear. Nasser's predominance, I have suggested, would not long endure. And his successor in the control of the Middle East would, unless there had been a radical change in the interval, inevitably be the Soviet Union. Therefore I would answer those

who bid us live with Nasser that such a course would be desirable but that at the moment he is as dangerous, as ambitious, and as unscrupulous as at any time in his past career, and that this is saying a great deal.

He has got to a stage now when he cannot turn back, even if he desired to. He has brought his country to the verge of economic ruin while providing it with a spurious prestige in the eyes of a great part of the Arab world. He is the most successful demagogue living, but this means only that he exists only through demagoguery. He has brought off two or three lucky successes at the gaming-table of politics, but he must return to it again and is probably so constituted that he cannot keep away from it. Live with him? As Joad used to say, it depends on what you mean by live.

Trust him? I doubt if even his Syrian friends do that. What is important is to pursue a consistent policy in dealing with him, and that, as Sir David Kelly has pointed out in a valuable article in *The Sunday Times*, has not been done.

The happiest aspect of the case is that at no time within the last twelve years or so have American and British ideas on the subject of the Middle East been so similar or policies linked so closely. It was perhaps just as well that the first call came to the United States. If we had had to move first the anti-colonialist bogey might have become animated, and there would certainly have been stronger objections in our own country to our move than there were in the United States to theirs. So the United States helped to smooth the way to a widespread agreement with our action in support of Jordan. May common action and common sense continue.



THE BAGHDAD PACT MEETING IN LONDON: THE SCENE AT THE CONFERENCE OF THE MILITARY COMMITTEE AT LANCASTER HOUSE ON JULY 29.

The Baghdad Pact meeting in London came to an end on July 29, on which day there was a conference of the military committee, under the chairmanship of General Menguc, Turkish Chief of the General Staff. Afterwards a statement was issued welcoming the United States decision—announced the previous day—to strengthen her ties with members of the Pact. The statement also spoke of the danger of indirect aggression, of which recent examples had been seen. On July 31 it was reported that three members of the Pact, Pakistan, Persia and Turkey, as well as two members of N.A.T.O. (West Germany and Greece), had recognised the new Government in Iraq. In his article this week Captain Falls gives a broad survey of the situation brought about by the revolt in Iraq.

exaggerated by British romanticists, but it is real and a bad influence.

To-day the British and United States Governments see more or less eye to eye on the subject of Colonel Nasser. He is doubtless a sincere patriot and a sincere inspirer of Arab nationalism, even though it is a pretence to rank Egypt among the Arab nations. But he is much more than this. His aim is to extend his power over the Arab world until it has become a federation, with himself at the head. He is not actuated by love of power alone, though that is one of the engines which drives him. Egypt has hardly any oil. Arab countries have vast quantities. Nasser might work himself up by oratory alone into the position he seeks, but he could not sustain it simply on hot air. Another fuel is needed.

Were his federation to nationalise all its oil resources, which amount to the bulk of those of

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



AFTER A TURKISH CYPRIOT HAD BEEN SHOT DEAD : A BRITISH SOLDIER DETAINS FOUR GREEK CYPRIOTS IN A STREET IN NICOSIA.



ON THE BEACH AT KYRENIA : A SOLDIER PATROLS WHILE LARGE CROWDS ENJOY THE SEA AND THE WARM SUNSHINE.



IN NICOSIA : BRITISH SOLDIERS STAND GUARD AS GREEK CYPRIOT EMPLOYEES OF THE GOVERNMENT PASS THROUGH THE TURKISH CYPRIOT QUARTER.



BURNED DURING A WAVE OF ARSON RAIDS IN CYPRUS RECENTLY : THE CHARRED INTERIOR OF A GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH IN OMORPHITA.



AT THE TIME OF THE ARREST OF SOME 1300 CYPRIOTS : THE MAIN STREET IN NICOSIA WHEN ONLY WOMEN WERE ALLOWED OUT, FOR SHOPPING.



NICOSIA : NEIGHBOURS HELP THE OWNERS OF A SHOP TO SALVAGE BELONGINGS AFTER A TERRORIST ARSON RAID FOLLOWING THE LARGE-SCALE ARREST OF CYPRIOTS.

CYPRUS. WIDESPREAD ARRESTS, CONTINUED VIOLENCE, AND AN APPEAL FOR ORDER.

On July 31 Mr. Macmillan made a personal appeal for the cessation of violence in Cyprus. The Turkish Prime Minister was also expected to make an appeal. On the day before, the Greek Prime Minister, Mr. Karamanlis, had appealed—in response to a request from the British Government—for co-operation by Greek Cypriots in restoring order in the island. Mr. Macmillan's appeal was made as killings and arson raids continued in Cyprus following the many arrests of Greek and Turkish Cypriots who were known or believed to have planned various forms of violence or intimidation. The arrests, following

reports of Eoka plans to increase violence, began on July 21, and on July 23 the Governor announced that about 1200 Greek and 50 Turkish Cypriots had been arrested. The disparity in the numbers was accounted for by the fact that Eoka was a more serious menace than the Turkish Cypriot terrorists ; T.M.T., a dangerous Turkish Cypriot organisation, was banned shortly before. It was also announced that violence, which had recently reached a peak between the two communities, had led to 95 deaths and 170 cases of injury since the beginning of June.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



BUDAPEST, HUNGARY. WHERE EXAMINATIONS—IN WINDOW-DRESSING—ARE CONDUCTED IN PUBLIC: A BUDAPEST GIRL, ONE OF FIFTY COMPETING FOR A DIPLOMA IN WINDOW-DRESSING, AT WORK ON HER "PRACTICAL" IN A SHOP-WINDOW, WHERE THE PASSER-BY CAN INVIGILATE—AND NO DOUBT COMMENT.



JAPAN. HEAR YOURSELF SPEAK: AN INGENUOUS MASK WITH EARPHONES, SELLING IN JAPAN FOR THE EQUIVALENT OF ABOUT EIGHT SHILLINGS, AND DESIGNED TO ALLOW THE USER TO HEAR HIS OR HER VOICE AS IT SOUNDS TO OTHERS. THE GIRL TRYING IT IS A TELEPHONE OPERATOR.



NEW YORK STATE, U.S.A. NOT A LINER STANDING ON ITS STERN; BUT ONE OF THE SCREWS BUILT FOR THE HUGE POWER STATIONS DRIVEN BY THE WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE, WHICH ARE AN ESSENTIAL FEATURE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AT MASSENA, ON THE U.S. SIDE.



LUENEN, WEST GERMANY. A NEW SHAPE FOR A GIRLS' SCHOOL—WITH A SERIES OF HEXAGONAL CLASSROOMS BRANCHING OFF THE CENTRAL SPINE OF CORRIDOR.

This newly-opened modern school for girls at Luenen, in West Germany, was designed by Professor K. Scharoun, a Berlin architect, and it is the first of its kind. Each of the ground-floor classrooms branching off the central corridors is hexagonal in shape.

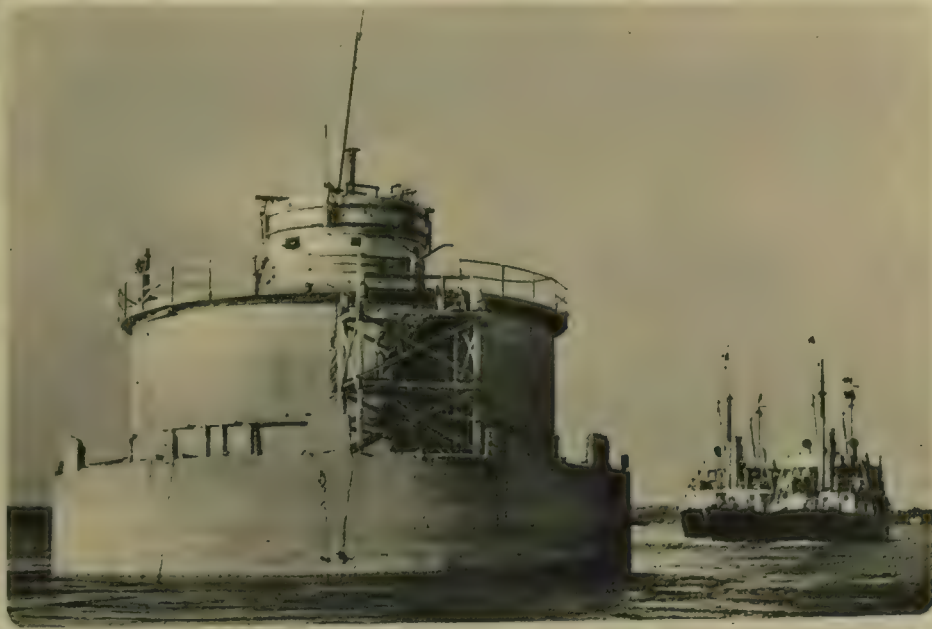


WYOMING, U.S.A. FROM POLISH COMMUNIST TO AMERICAN CITIZEN: JERZY JAWINSKI, WHO ESCAPED FROM POLAND, BEING CONGRATULATED BY THE JUDGE ON NATURALISATION. In 1953 Jawinski, a lieutenant in the Polish Air Force, stole an aircraft and sought political asylum in Denmark. He later went to the United States and is now serving in the U.S.A.F. On July 22 he became an American citizen at Cheyenne, Wyoming.



CAMBODIA. THE PRIME MINISTER HELPS TO DIG A RESERVOIR: PRINCE SIHANOUK (CENTRE, HAT, WHITE SINGLET, BLACK SHORTS) SETS AN EXAMPLE.

Prince Sihanouk, formerly King of Cambodia, abdicated in favour of his father, in order to become Prime Minister, in 1955. He recently inaugurated a new "water policy" and with members of his Cabinet is here encouraging the Cambodians by his own example.



SWEDISH WATERS. A LIGHTHOUSE GOES FOR A SAIL: A PREFABRICATED LIGHTHOUSE UNIT, BUILT NEAR STOCKHOLM, IS HERE BEING TOWED TO ITS EVENTUAL SITE.

This Swedish lighthouse was built at Lidings, near Stockholm, and was destined for a point about 100 miles away in the southern Gulf of Bothnia. Two tugs took it in tow and contrived this somewhat tricky journey at an average rate of about two knots.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE ODDEST SALUTE FIRED IN PRINCESS MARGARET'S HONOUR: THE ANVIL SALUTE AT NEW WESTMINSTER, WHICH IS NOISIER THAN A CANNON-BLAST.



BRITISH COLUMBIA. FIRED BY THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE HYACK ANVIL BATTERY AT NEW WESTMINSTER: A CHARGE OF GUNPOWDER BEING EXPLODED BETWEEN TWO BLACKSMITH'S ANVILS.

When Princess Margaret visited New Westminster, British Columbia, on July 23, a salute was fired in her honour by the Hyack anvil battery. When it was found that the town had no cannon to fire salutes to celebrate the Canadian Confederation ninety-one years ago, the battery was founded.

(Right.)

GHANA. THE FIRST OCEAN-GOING LINER TO ENTER THE LARGEST ARTIFICIAL HARBOUR IN AFRICA: M.S. OTI IN THE TEMA HARBOUR.

This aerial view shows M.S. Oti (8000 tons), a cargo liner of the Elder Dempster Line, in the Tema Harbour, Ghana, the largest artificial harbour in Africa, where she berthed, the first ocean-going liner to do so, on the morning of July 15. The construction of the 12½ m. Tema Harbour, which is due to be completed in 1960, is being carried out by Parkinson Howard Ltd. (in association with Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co. Ltd., and John Howard and Co. Ltd.). The contract was awarded to this British company in the face of stiff international competition in 1954. The breakwaters of the harbour, which provide protection for the 500-acre harbour area, will have a total length of three miles and their construction has involved the quarrying of over 5 million tons of rock in blocks weighing up to 12 tons. The four-berth quay, dockyard, oil berth, fishing harbour and slipways form part of the facilities, within the harbour proper, to accommodate shipping and provide safe anchorage in 42 ft. depth of water. The facilities on shore include 20 miles of rail sidings, transit sheds and a 100-ft. lighthouse.



NEW ZEALAND. AT OHAKEA: A SPECTACULAR AERIAL SCENE DURING THE FAREWELL DISPLAY GIVEN BY THE R.N.Z.A.F. VAMPIRE JET AEROBATICS TEAM WHICH HAS NOW BEEN DISBANDED. THE DISPLAY WAS FILMED IN COLOUR.

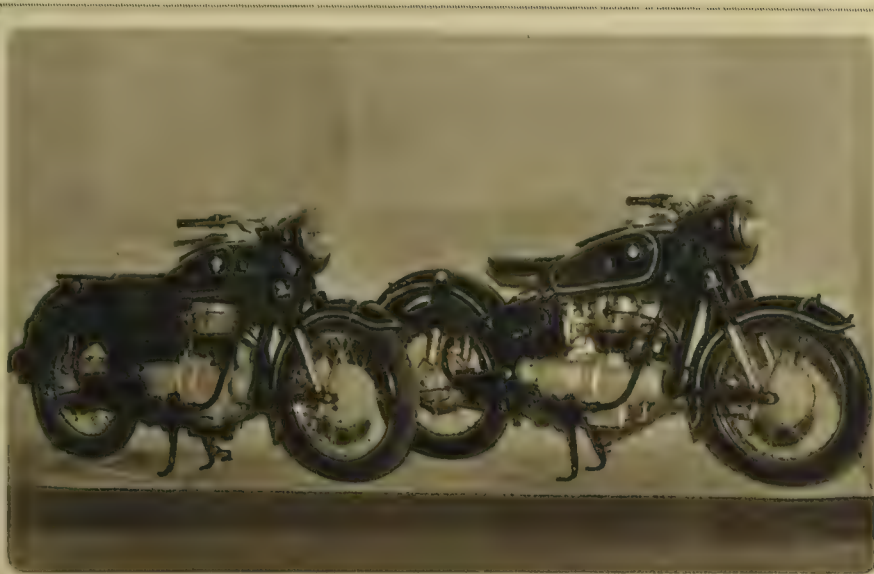


THE UNITED STATES. AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: THE LAST OF THE CONVENTIONAL TYPE SUBMARINES, THE U.S.S. BARBEL, BEING LAUNCHED AT THE NAVAL SHIPYARD ON JULY 19. SHE WAS THE 125TH SUBMARINE TO BE LAUNCHED AT THE YARD.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



TOKYO. IN A JAPANESE GOVERNMENT EXHIBITION AIMED AT RESTRAINING JAPANESE PIRACY OF FOREIGN DESIGNS: TWO JOINTED WOODEN MONKEYS, (LEFT) THE DANISH ORIGINAL AND (RIGHT) THE JAPANESE COPY.



TOKYO. A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF JAPANESE ABILITY TO REPEAT AT LOWER COST A EUROPEAN MODEL: (RIGHT) A GERMAN B.M.W. MOTOR-CYCLE AND (LEFT) THE JAPANESE COPY. The Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry and the Patent Agency recently co-operated in an exhibition designed to expose those Japanese manufacturers who produce cheaper copies of foreign products, as they believe such piracy is harming Japanese trade.



PAKISTAN. THE 26,600-FT. MASSIF OF RAKAPOSHI, CLIMBED FOR THE FIRST TIME BY MEMBERS OF A BRITISH-PAKISTANI TEAM. On June 25 Captain Banks and Lieut.-Surgeon Patey, of the nine-member British-Pakistan forces expedition, reached the summit of Rakaposhi, a Karakoram peak which had hitherto never been scaled. Our photograph was taken during the ascent.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. THE NEW "MISS UNIVERSE": MISS LUZ MARINA ZULOAGA, A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD FROM COLOMBIA, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HER CROWN AND SCEPTRE AFTER BEING INVESTED WITH THE TITLE ON JULY 25 AT LONG BEACH.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND. SWITZERLAND'S FIRST DRIVE-IN BANK, IN THE WIEDIKON DISTRICT OF ZURICH, WHICH HAS A SPECIAL CASHIER'S WINDOW TO WHICH MOTORISTS CAN DRIVE AND TRANSACT THEIR BUSINESS WITHOUT LEAVING THEIR CARS, THIS IDEA HAS BEEN COPIED FROM AMERICA.



MISSOURI, U.S.A. AT THE U.S. RAILWAY MUSEUM AT BARRETT'S STATION: THE BLACK DIAMOND (1899), A COMBINATION CARRIAGE AND LOCOMOTIVE OF COMPRESSED DESIGN. At Barrett's Station, Missouri, about 16 miles from St. Louis, stands the largest collection of historic railway equipment in the United States. This museum was established towards the end of World War II and it includes a Pullman coach bearing the marks of Indian arrows.



MISSOURI, U.S.A. ONE OF THE OLDER EXHIBITS AT BARRETT'S STATION: THE "CAMEL-BACK" OR DAVIS TEN-WHEELER, WITH A CURIOUS "GREENHOUSE" ON TOP OF THE BOILER.

A 17TH CENTURY STATESMAN; AND AN 18TH CENTURY SOLDIER.

"ROBERT SPENCER. EARL OF SUNDERLAND, 1641-1702." By J. P. KENYON.*

AND "FIELD MARSHAL LORD LIGONIER. A STORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY 1702-1770." By REX WHITWORTH.†

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

HERE are two attractive books about two unattractive people, though both played their part in British history. Sunderland is undoubtedly the better known, though what is known about him is little to his credit; while Ligonier is hardly even a name save to the military historian, though as Colonel Whitworth clearly shows he was the greatest British soldier between Marlborough and Wellington.

In these circumstances Mr. Kenyon has the more difficult task, and he performs it admirably. He makes no attempt to whitewash Sunderland, and he lets the story of his shady career speak for itself. He shows us a man who, devoid of all the higher gifts of statesmanship, yet managed to make himself the indispensable member of a series of governments. There was not much in common between Charles II, James II, and William III, but they were all confronted with the same problem—is Sunderland a bigger nuisance in the administration or out?—and they all decided that it was safer to have him in it. Not even his descendant, Sir Winston Churchill, has experienced more vicissitudes in his political career,

and it appeared just as unlikely on the morrow of the fall of James II that Sunderland would hold office again as it seemed improbable that Sir Winston would do so on that of the abdication of Edward VIII; but up Sunderland bobbed again, and during the latter part of William's reign he was very definitely a power behind the throne.

It is with a very practised hand that Mr. Kenyon guides his readers through the maze which is the history of the restored monarchy, and he shows himself a shrewd judge both of character and events. Once more Charles II appears as infinitely abler than any of his constitutional advisers—he was probably the last English monarch of whom this could be said; while of Monmouth the author shrewdly observes, "This stupid young man, having flouted the few orders his indulgent father had ever cared to give him, had crowned his impudent folly by allowing himself to be implicated with that band of cut-throats, fanatics and desperadoes who had concocted the Rye House Plot."

The character of James II, with its progressive degeneration, has rarely been so well drawn as in these pages:

It would be a mistake to regard James as francophil, merely because he relied on French help during the exclusion crisis; his robust patriotism made him an extreme example of that class which included Seymour, Rochester, his brother Clarendon, Dartmouth, and most of the Anglican nobility of the older generation. With them he shared a half sentimental, wholly unreal vision of an England Elizabethan, even Henrican in character; ruled by a wise, just but despotic father-monarch, sustained by a devoted nobility and a dutiful Parliament.

In another place the author remarks:

It is a tragedy that James, whose character fitted him so admirably for the leadership of a powerful

conservative faction, should have been united by religious whim to a persecuted sect, whose fortunes could be advanced only by the exercise of subtlety and cunning.

James, as Mr. Kenyon shows, became increasingly more bewildered as he found himself obliged to deal with questions that were beyond him, and it was his crowning misfortune that at the very crisis of his fate his mental powers were at their weakest.

Such was the man of whom Sunderland was in many ways the evil genius, but, as the author reminds us, "simply because the Revolution of 1689 changed the whole course of English government it is dangerous to dismiss as unimportant, ineffective or un-English those seventeenth century forces tending towards the expansion of prerogative power . . . Sunderland had before his eyes not the patriarchal concept of the promoted squirearchs . . . but the actuality of French bureaucracy and autocracy, with Parliament a docile and infrequently-summoned Estates." In short, history must never be read backwards, and on more than one

In the case of Ligonier, as in that of more than one other distinguished general, the soldier must command more respect than the man. He is depicted here as popular in society; but he was a gambler, and he clearly bought his promotion in his early days with his winnings at the card-table; while of his relations with women, especially very young women, the less said the better. His biographer refers to him as "humane," but he did not hesitate to refer to the Jacobites in the Forty-Five as "wild beasts," and in a letter to Cumberland he expressed a hope that "whats In Gaols meets with their deserts."

If there is much that can be urged against Ligonier as a man there is very little that can be said against him as a soldier. Colonel Whitworth, himself a distinguished Grenadier of the younger generation, has been working on this biography for some years, and the result is a most valuable contribution to military history. He makes no attempt to gloss over Ligonier's more unpleasant qualities, even if he is somewhat tolerant of them, but he gives us the portrait of a man who should figure much more prominently in the text-books than he does, that is to say when he is mentioned in them at all. Nothing in the eighteenth century is more remarkable than the poor showing which Britain made in the War of the Austrian Succession compared with her successes in the next conflict, the Seven Years' War: it is usual to attribute this revival to the Elder Pitt, but Colonel Whitworth shows that a very large part of the credit must go to Ligonier, who was the Carnot of his day. If Pitt formulated the policy, it was Ligonier who made victory possible.

It is true that he had a good deal of luck, and he was always careful to note from which quarter the wind was blowing in official circles; but he had long regimental experience behind him before he went to Whitehall. For twenty-nine years he

had proved himself an admirable Colonel of the 8th Horse, now the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, and from Blenheim to Laffeldt, where he was taken prisoner, he proved himself a fighting soldier of the first order. He succeeded Cumberland as Colonel of the First Guards. So Colonel Whitworth's tribute to him is indeed well-deserved: "His life's work deserves a high place in the military history of our island. He surely ranks as one of the great Chiefs of Staff."

This admirable book has for its sub-title "A Story of the British Army, 1702-1770," and the claim is fully justified. Here is no jejune record written in a library, but a vivid narrative from the pen of one of the younger and most promising officers of the Brigade of

Guards. Those who wish to understand not only the warfare, but also the outlook, of the eighteenth century cannot afford to ignore it. Military history is too often regarded as a thing apart, but in these pages Colonel Whitworth shows us how intimately it has always been connected with the other aspects of the national life. One fact, above all, emerges from his work, and that is the unchanging character of the British Tommy.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 242 of this issue.



"THE FACE IS FIRM-JAWED BUT SENSITIVE, SHOWING ALL THE GENIAL WISDOM AND REFINED HUMOUR OF THE SITTER": LIGONIER, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY REYNOLDS.

Reproduced from the book "Field Marshal Lord Ligonier. A Story of the British Army 1702-1770"; by courtesy of the publisher, Clarendon Press, Oxford.

occasion during those years things might so easily have gone the other way. For a few weeks in the summer of 1688 Sunderland saw himself, after the death of James II, as the Mazarin of James III, and barring the religious issue his dream might have come true. What would the verdict of history upon him have been in that event, one wonders.

When Sunderland died in 1702 Ligonier was a young officer of twenty-two, and a newly-naturalised British subject. He had been born a Huguenot, and several of his relatives had continued to live in France, some of them even serving in the armies of the Most Christian King. These facts form the background of his career, and he had in consequence to walk very warily. He had no roots in the country of his adoption, and he knew only too well that if he made a mistake it would at once be held against him that he was a foreigner. Thus, until he was near the top of the ladder, he had to be sure that he possessed patrons who would look after him in case of need. This explains his sycophancy where George II and the "Butcher" Duke of Cumberland were concerned; he had to lick their boots to ensure the security of his own position.



"A MAN WHO, DEVOID OF ALL THE HIGHER GIFTS OF STATESMANSHIP, YET MANAGED TO MAKE HIMSELF THE INDISPENSABLE MEMBER OF A SERIES OF GOVERNMENTS": SUNDERLAND IN HIS PRIME. HE SERVED CHARLES II AND JAMES II AND ALSO WILLIAM III.

From a portrait of the school of Kneller at Blenheim, by kind permission of the Duke of Marlborough. Reproduced from the book "Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, 1641-1702"; by courtesy of the publishers, Longmans, Green and Co.

* "Robert Spencer. Earl of Sunderland, 1641-1702." By J. P. Kenyon. Illustrated. (Longmans, Green and Co.; 45s.)

† "Field Marshal Lord Ligonier. A Story of the British Army 1702-1770." By Rex Whitworth. Illustrated. (Clarendon Press, Oxford; 42s.)

A NARROW ESCAPE: THE ATTEMPT ON THE LEBANESE PREMIER'S LIFE.



THE SCENE OF THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE LEBANESE PRIME MINISTER, ON JULY 29, IN WHICH FIVE PEOPLE WERE KILLED.



A DAMAGED MOTOR-CYCLE AND THE REMAINS OF THE VEHICLE (LEFT) IN WHICH THE BOMB WAS PLACED.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION: COFFINS CONTAINING BODIES OF THOSE KILLED BEING CARRIED DOWN THE HILLSIDE.



THE BATTERED CAR, BLOWN DOWN AN EMBANKMENT BY THE EXPLOSION, IN WHICH THE OCCUPANTS WERE ALL KILLED.



SHORTLY AFTER HIS ESCAPE: THE LEBANESE PRIME MINISTER, RIGHT, WITH MR. MURPHY, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.



THE PRIME MINISTER, SAMI SOLH, INDICATING A BULLET-HOLE IN THE WINDSCREEN OF HIS CAR AFTER THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

On July 29, two days before the Lebanese presidential election, Sami Solh, the Prime Minister of Lebanon, had a narrow escape from death in an unsuccessful ambush on a road near Beirut. Five other people were killed and two wounded in the attempt, however. The attack took place near the village of Mokalles. A powerful explosive charge, concealed in an unattended vehicle on the roadside, was detonated as the Prime Minister's car and his escorts approached. In the explosion another car, in front of the Prime Minister's, was blown

off the road and down a steep embankment, all its occupants being killed. Immediately after the explosion rifle-fire was directed on the Prime Minister's car. The escort returned the fire. After the incident, the Prime Minister was present at a luncheon in honour of Mr. Murphy, President Eisenhower's special representative, who had been interviewing Lebanese leaders in the effort to find a suitable candidate for the presidential election. It was hoped the election would end the twelve-week-old Lebanese uprising.



ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING SPECIES OF BIRDS ON TOWER ISLAND : A FEMALE FRIGATE BIRD WITH HER CHICK.

IN NEED OF PROTECTION: UNIQUE FLORA AND FAUNA ON THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.



FLIGHTLESS CORMORANTS WHICH WALK DOWN THE BEACHES TO THE SEA, WHERE THEY HUNT FISH IN THE RICH WATERS OF THE GALAPAGOS.



THE Galapagos Islands, situated in the Pacific, 500 miles off the coast of Ecuador, are a group of volcanic islands covering some 3000 square miles. Discovered by the Bishop Thomas de Berlang, of Panama, in 1535, they became a favourite meeting-place for buccaneers and whalers, both attracted by the giant tortoises, of which they took away many thousands. In later years, dogs, cats, pigs and goats, and the inevitable rats, have been introduced to the islands, with devastating effects on the native flora and fauna. This is not a new story but its repetition on the Galapagos (islands of Giant Tortoises) is particularly to be deplored. When, more than a century ago, Darwin visited the islands in the course of his famous voyage in the *Beagle*, the things he saw there did more than anything else to convince him of the fact of evolution. Many new species of plants and animals await discovery on the islands and those that are known are remarkable. Outstanding among these are the giant tortoises, land and marine iguanas, flightless cormorants and peculiar mocking-birds and finches. The last of these have become famous, under the name of Darwin finches, because, although clearly related to each other, and presumably all descended from the same ancestral

[Continued opposite.]

(Left.) ARID COASTAL SCENERY ON THE ISLAND OF BARTHOLOMEW IN THE GALAPAGOS. THE VEGETATION IS SEMI-DESERT WITH GIANT CACTI.



THE GALAPAGOS HAWK OR BUZZARD WHICH, LIKE ALL THE BIRDS ON THE ISLANDS, WILL ALLOW THE HUMAN VISITOR TO TOUCH IT.



"CHANGING GUARD" AT A FLIGHTLESS CORMORANT'S NEST. IN THIS CEREMONY THE MALE PRESENTS NESTING MATERIAL.

IN THE THREATENED LANDS OF THE GIANT TORTOISE: THE GALAPAGOS.



NOW EXTINCT ON SOME ISLANDS AND RARE ON OTHERS: THE GIANT TORTOISE (*TESTUDO PORTERI*) WHICH GAVE THE ISLANDS THEIR NAME.



CRENELLATED LIKE A DRAGON: THE LAND IGUANA, A HARMLESS LIZARD, WHOSE EXISTENCE IS THREATENED BY HUNTING, LAND CLEARANCE AND MAN.

Continued. species from the mainland of South America, they have, from isolation on the various islands, become differentiated into markedly different species, with surprisingly different habits. Some of the species live in trees, feeding on insects, others live on the ground, feeding on seeds, and others are more like woodpeckers in their habits. Although so interesting scientifically, the flora and fauna of the islands have been menaced by the inhabitants of the islands, as well as by visitors and by alien animals. Laws passed by the Government of Ecuador for their protection have been difficult to enforce. Now, at a meeting in London in July, in connection with the XVth International Congress of Zoology, the proposal has been made to establish an international biological station on the islands. This would serve as a memorial to Darwin's work. It would make possible the study of the plants and animals, and not least the very rich marine fauna, and it would make more possible the enforcement of protective laws, first by the presence of scientists at the station, and, secondly, by focusing international opinion on the real need for enforcing the laws.



(Right.) MARINE IGUANAS WHICH FEED ON SEaweEDS, SWIM WITH SIDEWAYS MOVEMENTS OF THE TAIL, AND USE THEIR CLAWED TOES TO SCRAMBLE ASHORE. THEY ARE UNAFRAID OF MEN.



LARGELY KILLED OFF IN THE GALAPAGOS: FUR SEALS WHICH ARE FOUND IN FAIR NUMBERS ON CERTAIN PARTS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COASTS.



A SOUTHERN RELATIVE OF THE CALIFORNIAN SEA-LION: A COW GALAPAGOS SEA-LION (*ZALOPHUS WOLLEBAEKI*) WITH HER PUP.

IN THE LAND OF A PAKISTAN WARRIOR TRIBE: GAS MAKES THE DESERT BLOSSOM.



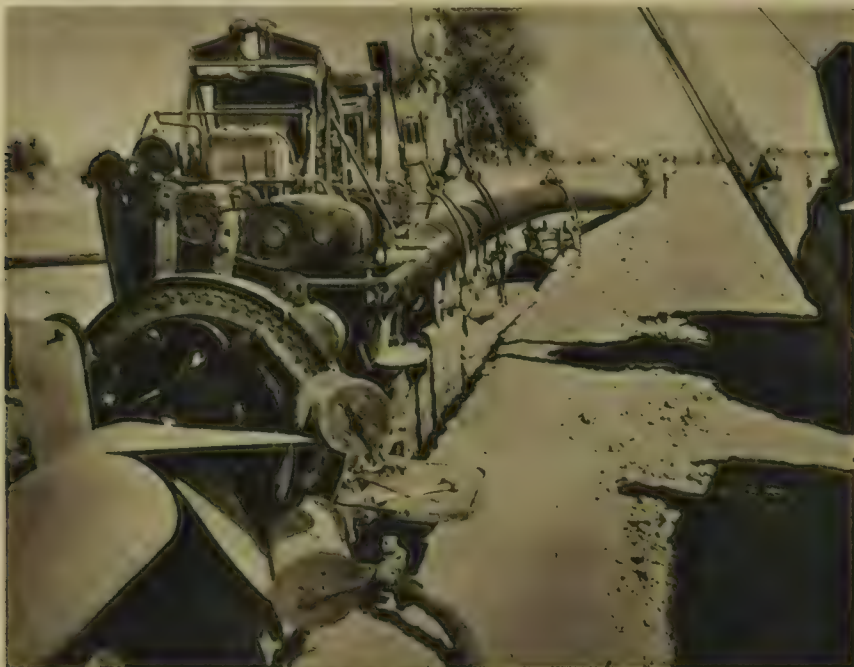
PRODUCING GAS AT THE RATE OF 37,000,000 CUBIC FEET A DAY AND STEADILY INCREASING: THE PURIFICATION PLANT AT SUI.

AS recently as 1952 it was announced that a natural gas pool had been discovered in Sui, on the eastern edge of Baluchistan, West Pakistan, by Pakistan Petroleum Ltd (jointly owned by the old-established Burmah Oil Company and the Pakistan Government). In the few years since then great changes have been brought about in the stony and arid desert which is the tribal territory of the Bugtis, one of Pakistan's least-known fighting tribes. Since September 1951, when the first well was rigged and drilling began, enough natural gas at high pressure has been found to supply all Western Pakistan's industrial and civil needs for a great many years to come. Some 350 miles of pipeline have been laid across the rivers, swamps and deserts to Karachi, and a further 200 miles has now been completed northwards to Multan, and will later be linked with Lahore.

(Right.) ON THE EASTERN EDGE OF BALUCHISTAN, WEST PAKISTAN: BUGTIS WATCHING A GAS FLARE AT SUI.



OUTSIDE AN EXECUTIVE BUNGALOW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BALUCHISTAN DESERT: BRILLIANT CANNAS GROWING LUXURIANTLY IN THE WILDERNESS.



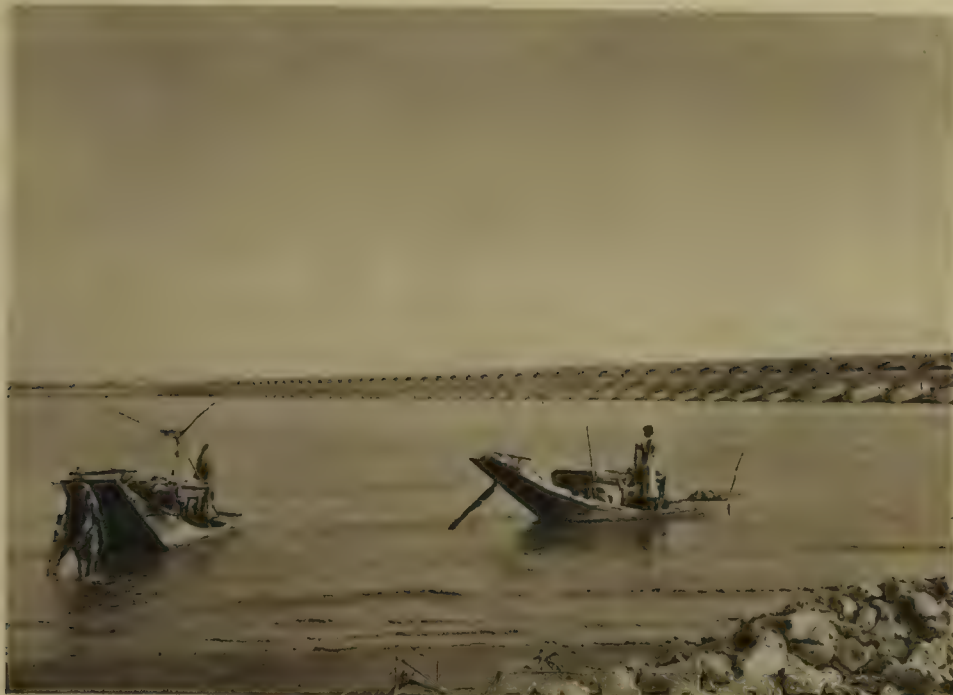
COVERING A PIPE WITH FIBREGLASS: THE DOPING AND WRAPPING MACHINE, SHOWING HOW THE FIBREGLASS TISSUE PIPE-WRAP IS BONDED.



BEFORE SUI GAS BECAME AVAILABLE: VAST QUANTITIES OF WOOD BEING TRANSPORTED TO KARACHI TO SUPPLY THE INDUSTRIAL FUEL DEMANDS.

Photographs by courtesy of Burmah Oil Company.

RECENTLY AN ARID DESERT: THE SUI GASFIELDS; AND THEIR IMPORTANCE.



CARRYING GAS FROM SUI TO KARACHI: THE PIPELINE RUNNING BEHIND THE TOP FLIGHT OF ARCHES OF THE LLOYD BARRAGE OVER THE RIVER INDUS AT SUKKUR.



SOME OF THE TRIBESMEN IN WHOSE TERRITORY THE SUI GASFIELDS LIE: BUGTIS, WHO STILL REMAIN ONE OF PAKISTAN'S LEAST-KNOWN FIGHTING TRIBES.



CAPABLE OF HANDLING 80,000,000 CUBIC FEET OF GAS DAILY: THE SUI GAS PURIFICATION PLANT, WHICH IS THE LARGEST IN ASIA, SEEN FROM THE AIR.



CLEARING THE ARID GROUND AT SUI: BUGTIS, WHO ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO WERE AMAZED BY A WHEELBARROW AND LIFTED IT BODILY.

Some thousand Bugti tribesmen employed on construction and road-building live in a camp at Sui. In a short time this Pakistan fighting tribe has seen tremendous changes in this part of their tribal territory. Only a few years ago a wheelbarrow was unknown to them, but to-day there is a shopping centre at Sui, a mosque, a club-house, brick-built bungalows and many other signs of civilisation. The summer temperatures are extremely high, though the winters are cold, and when sweet earth is brought in and seeds are planted,



A LOCAL WORKMAN MOULDING CLAY BRICKS BEFORE THEY ARE BAKED IN A GAS-FIRED KILN AND THEN USED IN CONSTRUCTION WORK AT SUI.

flowers grow at amazing speed until they succumb to the fierce heat and winds. The largest gas purification plant in Asia, capable of handling 80,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day, has been installed. When gas was first piped to Karachi, in late 1955, the local industry's fuel demand was for some 325 tons of furnace oil a day, but now Sui gas is supplying heating energy equivalent to more than 450 tons of oil daily. It is estimated that this year furnace oil consumption may be less than 50 tons a day, and Karachi is becoming a smokeless city.

Photographs by courtesy of *Burmah Oil Company*.

FINE MASTERPIECES OF MEDIÆVAL DUTCH ART:



(Left)
"THE FIELD HAS EYES, THE WOOD HAS EARS"—ONE OF THE GROUP OF DRAWINGS BY JHERONIMUS BOSCH (c. 1450-1516) IN THE EXHIBITION OF MEDIÆVAL ART OF THE NORTHERN NETHERLANDS.

(Pen and ink: 8 by 5 ins.)
(Berlin, Kupferstichkabinett of the former State Museums.)



(Right)
"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN," BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN (c. 1490-1533): A WORK OF 1521 INFLUENCED BY THE PORTRAIT DRAWINGS OF DURER. (Black chalk: 10½ by 12½ ins.)
(Stockholm, National Museum.)



"FLYING MONSTERS": A DETAIL FROM THE CENTRAL PANEL OF JHERONIMUS BOSCH'S FAMOUS TRIPTYCH, "THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY," WHICH CAME TO PORTUGAL BETWEEN 1523 AND 1545. (Lisbon, Museu Nacional de Arte Antiga.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT," BY LUCAS VAN LEYDEN: A PAINTING, ONCE ASCRIBED TO HOLBEIN, ABOUT THE DATE OF WHICH THERE IS CONSIDERABLE CONTROVERSY. (Oil on panel: 14½ by 11½ ins.)
(Brunswick, Herzog Anton Ulrich-Museum.)



ANOTHER DETAIL OF SOME OF THE REMARKABLE FIGURES IN THE CENTRAL PANEL OF JHERONIMUS BOSCH'S GREAT MASTERPIECE, "THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY," FROM LISBON.



THIS year the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam—the National Gallery of the Netherlands—is celebrating the 150th anniversary of its foundation in 1808 by a decree of King Louis Napoleon. To mark this occasion, the Museum has arranged an outstanding exhibition devoted to the Mediæval Art of the Northern Netherlands, from which a selection of paintings, drawings and sculpture is shown here. Nearly 400 exhibits have been brought together from twenty-one countries to give a comprehensive survey of the early developments of the arts in the Northern Netherlands, from about 1440 to 1533. Such a survey has never been attempted before, and the exhibition, which continues until September 28, provides a unique opportunity for the study of a period of Dutch art about which much has still to be learnt. In addition to

(Left)
"ST. AGNES WITH GEERTRUY MARCK, WIDOW OF THE BURGOMASTER OF DORDRECHT": PAINTED IN ABOUT 1450-60 BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST OF DORDRECHT. IT HAS RECENTLY BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE RIJKSMEUSEM. (Oil on panel: 21½ by 18½ ins.) (Amsterdam, Rijksmuseum.)

FROM THE RIJKSMEUSEM JUBILEE EXHIBITION.



(Left)
"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT": A CARVED GROUP OF ABOUT 1510 FROM THE PROVINCE OF HOLLAND. THERE IS A LARGE GROUP OF SCULPTURE IN THIS EXHIBITION. (Oak, with traces of colour: height, 18½ ins.) (Amsterdam, Rijksmuseum.)



(Right)
"THE MEETING OF JOACHIM AND ANNA": A FINE RELIEF CARVING BY THE MASTER OF JOACHIM AND ANNA, WHO WAS WORKING BETWEEN 1460 AND 1480. (Oak, with traces of colour: height, 18½ ins.)



"SELF-PORTRAIT," BY JACOB CORNELISZ VAN OOSTSANEN (c. 1470-1533): SIGNED WITH MONOGRAM AND DATED, 1533. (Oil on panel: 15 by 11½ ins.) (Amsterdam, Rijksmuseum.)



A GROUP OF MONKS: A DETAIL FROM THE LARGE PANEL, "THE BURNING OF THE BONES OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," BY GEERTGEN TOT ST. JANS (c. 1460/65-1490/95). (Vienna, Kunsthistorisches Museum.)

paintings, drawings and sculpture, there are also prints, illuminated manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, seals, silver and jewels. Among the 140 paintings are especially important groups by four artists: Jheronimus Bosch, whose famous works from Lisbon and Venice are included; Geertgen tot St. Jans, the leading master of the early Haarlem School; the Master of the Virgin inter Virgines, whose superb triptych from the Bowes Museum, Barnard Castle, is included; and Lucas van Leyden, represented by no fewer than sixteen paintings, including the impressive triptych of The Last Judgement from Leyden. Lucas van Leyden is also richly represented among the drawings. The fine selection of illuminated manuscripts includes the Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves, from the Guennol Collection in New York.

(Right)
"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH FOUR HOLY WOMEN": BY THE MASTER OF THE VIRGO INTER VIRGINES, WHO WORKED BETWEEN 1470 AND 1500, AND WHOSE NAME DERIVES FROM THIS PAINTING. (Oil on panel: 48½ by 60½ ins.) (Amsterdam, Rijksmuseum.)



"THE CRUCIFIXION" BY THE MASTER OF THE THIRTYONE SIBYL, WHO WAS ACTIVE FROM ABOUT 1480 TO 1495. (Oil on panel: 56½ by 41½ ins.) (Detroit, The Detroit Institute of Arts.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, like any other considerable portrait painter, was sometimes bored by his sitters, especially, I would guess, by a few of the many obviously brainless women who flocked to him once he had established his reputation; these he treated as kindly as he could, making up for their lack of character by beautiful passages of lace and muslin, giving them a mask of a face to conceal the void behind it. Much of his most sensitive work, especially in his early days, was concerned with unfashionable people, and one often comes across portraits, particularly of men, with whom he seems to be more than ordinarily in accord.

In this category I would venture to place the parson of Fig. 1, the original of which I saw at the Sabin Gallery before it went back to its birth-place, Ipswich. The sitter is Richard Canning, 1708-1775, who was Rector of St. Lawrence, Ipswich, from 1734. Gainsborough painted him there about 1755, and now Ipswich has acquired it; it will presumably be hung in Christ Church Mansion. At the same time as Gainsborough painted Canning, he painted Canning's great friend, Henry Hubbard, Archdeacon of Suffolk and Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. The two men exchanged portraits. The Hubbard portrait was handed on to Canning's son (also Richard) who, on his death in 1789, bequeathed it to Emmanuel College, where it has hung ever since. The Canning portrait remained in the Hubbard family and in due course came on the market. Photographs of the paintings of these two clerical friends appear side by side in Professor Waterhouse's book on Gainsborough, recently reviewed on this page. Parson Canning was evidently public-spirited and also a man of parts, for he designed a set of bookplates for the local public library. Unfortunately, however, he incorporated in his design a small version of his own arms under those of the borough. This was too much for the council; members thought that if they accepted the bookplates and had them pasted in, it would give the impression that every book in the library had been presented by Canning. I gather that there were some rough words used and that the subject of this portrait had a bad press.

It is obviously fitting that a local worthy should thus go back to the place where he spent his life. That is a general rule even for bad pictures. But how fortunate is Ipswich that, just at that time, the young Gainsborough was about (he was still under thirty), had not yet been claimed by the great world of London and Bath, and found in this otherwise undistinguished clergyman just those qualities of character which appealed to him. I suppose that, in the right hands, a fine portrait can spring from either sympathy or dislike. In either case, a painter puts something of himself into it, and here it only requires half an eye to perceive that Gainsborough felt very much at home with this genial intelligent man with his slight smile; you have the impression that as the work progressed, conversation between the two would have been entertaining and far from formal, and that in due course wig and bands and black gown would have been joyfully discarded. In short, the more one looks at this picture, the more attractive it becomes, and the more one appreciates the qualities of both painter and subject—which far outweigh its local interest.

The Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired the two remarkable pieces seen in the other photograph. Tall long-case clocks are familiar enough and so are table or mantel clocks of more or less elaboration, especially French or Swiss. Here we have a combined operation on the part of cabinet-maker, painter, ormolu manufacturer, porcelain factory and clockmaker. The plinths are veneered in satinwood and whoever made them—clearly a man of the greatest skill—employed a painter of more than ordinary calibre to paint the two oval medallions in monochrome: someone working in the manner of Giovanni Cipriani. The figure groups above are of Derby porcelain "in the biscuit"—i.e., unglazed—and it is suggested that the ormolu mounts were made in Mathew Boulton's Birmingham factory. It used to be thought that nearly all the ormolu used on English furniture came

If we accept this argument, it becomes reasonable also to suggest that it is at least possible that far more ormolu of a more ordinary character was made in England than we imagined. This by the way—I await with interest the results someday in the future of expert research. These elaborate structures are surmounted, one by a clock in the centre of a broken column, the other by a barometer in the form of a metal orrery, the ring of which is engraved with the required information. Beneath the barometer is a Wedgwood plaque.

Both clock and barometer mechanisms were supplied by Vulliamy, and as his signature appears on them it is presumed that he was responsible for the design as a whole. The date is 1787. A few similar clocks are known, including one at Buckingham Palace and another at Syon House. The Museum ascribes the clock and the barometer to Justin Vulliamy, who came over from Switzerland in 1730, the grandfather—or was he the father?—of the better-known Benjamin (1780-1854), who is regarded as the last of the great craftsmen of the old school of clockmakers.

Other new acquisitions—as usual, beautifully displayed facing the main entrance—range from a Meissen ewer of about 1723 copied from a Chinese Ming Dynasty bottle, to one of Picasso's ceramic experiments; a great water pitcher in the form of a stylised horseman and steed which I consider half-foolish and half-barbarous, but which others, for whom I have great respect, are convinced is a masterpiece. Some beautiful small sculptures have already appeared in these pages. There are also at least two other pieces of furniture which deserve close attention.

One of them is a firescreen of carved wood enriched with gilt gesso, the gift of Brigadier Clark through the National Art-Collections Fund, the date presumably about 1730 and believed to have been made for the second Earl of Chesterfield. The other is a writing desk of walnut, probably made at Augsburg about 1600. The surface is inlaid in staghorn after designs by the French engraver, Etienne Delaulne. It is an extraordinary example of specialised craftsmanship, for the inlay is characteristic of that lavished upon contemporary sporting guns—i.e., it is the work of a maker of gun-stocks. The interior is inlaid with the Crucifixion and with a medallion bearing the arms of Francesco Maria II, Duke of Urbino. The Museum suggests it was probably a gift from the Duke



FIG. 1. AN EARLY PORTRAIT BY GAINSBOROUGH: "THE REV. RICHARD CANNING," WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED BY THE CORPORATION OF IPSWICH, WHERE IT WAS PAINTED. (Oil on canvas: 30 by 25 ins.)



FIG. 2. AMONG RECENT ACQUISITIONS OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A CLOCK AND BAROMETER (IN THE FORM OF AN ORRERY), DESCRIBED BY FRANK DAVIS AS "A COMBINED OPERATION ON THE PART OF CABINET-MAKER, PAINTER, ORMOLU MANUFACTURER, PORCELAIN FACTORY AND CLOCKMAKER." (Both signed and dated "Vulliamy, London, 1787." Over-all height of each, 5 ft. 8 ins.)

over from Paris. Here is a case in which the mounts have been made to a particular design; they are of the highest quality and would scarcely have been ordered from abroad for such a special purpose.

of Bavaria and notes that the profusion of lace-like inlay and the high quality of the craftsmanship make it one of the finest examples of domestic work by a gun-stocker in existence.



THE GRENADIER GUARDSMAN AND HIS YOUNG ADMIRER OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Long before Alice's celebrated expedition with Christopher Robin, the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace was a major attraction. It still is, and always will be. Not only does the colourful ritual delight visitors and children, but it is a hardened Londoner indeed who, when he passes the Palace, does not pause to look once again at the guardsmen in their scarlet

tunics who maintain continual watch over Buckingham Palace, and the Royal family when they are in residence there. For a small boy, like the one in this photograph, the spectacle conjures up dreams of a colourful military future and, almost instinctively, he stands smartly to attention as if he were himself already a guardsman in the service of the Queen.

Colour photograph by Keith Gordon Smith.

BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP— *SCEPTRE* UNDER SAIL; AND SOME OF HER SMALLER SISTERS WHO RACE OFF OUR SHORES IN SUMMER.

THE International 12-metre yacht *Sceptre*, the R.Y.S. syndicate's challenger for the America's Cup, was launched on April 2 this year, and after her tuning up on the Clyde sailed south for further trials off the south coast, before being shipped to the United States, where the race for the America's Cup takes place off Rhode Island in September. Leading yachtsmen in this country have said that *Sceptre* is more of a heavy-weather boat and at her best when the sea is rough and the wind strong. Since the war the costly large-metre class racing yachts have greatly decreased in numbers whereas yacht racing has increased enormously in popularity. There are now over 800 yachts and sailing clubs recognised by the Royal Yachting Association—nearly four times the number there were in 1939. Among the most popular types of present-day first-class racing yachts, of the small size to suit modern conditions and purses, are the International 5.5-metres seen racing off Bournemouth in the lower photograph. This class is a post-war one which quickly became popular in Scandinavia, but it was not until 1952 that it had any great following in England, and then it was limited to the Solent area. The class was one of those chosen for the Olympic Games in that year, and interest in it was stimulated. The boats in this class are characterised by flat sheer-lines, fairly long overhangs, generally with the greatest length aft, tall sail plans and small jibs. The sails of yachts are nowadays seen in many and distinctive colourings, while spinnakers are gay with contrasting colours and stripes.



BRITAIN'S CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON'S INTERNATIONAL 12-METRE YACHT *SCEPTRE* SEEN DURING HER TRIALS IN THE SOLENT.



WITH THEIR GAILY-COLOURED SPINNAKERS BILLOWING IN THE BREEZE: 5.5-METRE YACHTS RACING OFF THE COAST OF BOURNEMOUTH.
Colour photograph by S. W. Batting.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PROPOSALS for saving the flora and fauna of the Galapagos Islands from destruction have been much in the news lately, but in all matters of wild-life conservation there is a very thorny path between passing a resolution to do something and that something being done. This can be very well illustrated by the history of efforts within recent years to save the key deer, as shown in the 1958 Progress Report.

The average adult of the Florida key deer (*Odocoileus virginianus clavium*), also known as Spanish deer or toy deer, stands just over 2 ft. at the shoulder, measures about 38 ins. from nose to tail and weighs about 50 lb. A distinctive member of the deer family, "it is perilously close to becoming another casualty among North American animals." Its home is on a few sub-tropical islands nearly a hundred miles south of the mainland of Florida. Apart from its natural history interest, this deer forms an historical link with the discovery of America, for a stag was described by Columbus on his fourth trip to the New World.

The habitat of the key deer, to quote from the 1958 Report, "... is a region of shallow waters and sand bars, a few slightly deeper channels, coral reefs, and small limestone islands supporting various amounts of tropical and sub-tropical vegetation. An observer from an airplane would see extensive mangrove flats, scattered hummocks, some pinelands, and expanses of strand and salt-marsh vegetation. On the larger keys, swamps of red mangrove at the outer fringes usually give way to black mangrove at slightly higher points, and above these, on the drier areas, are dense growths of white mangrove or buttonwood, scrub palmetto, and slash pine. As the climate is semi-tropical, and rainfall is plentiful at certain seasons, tropical hardwoods, shrubs and ferns immediately draw the visitor's attention. Stands of the Cuban or slash pine are largely confined to Big Pine and No Name Keys. A few acres on some of the higher keys have been put under cultivation, especially for the production of winter vegetables; but agricultural usage of the keys has been limited by transportation difficulties and by the salt infiltration due to storms. At high tide, much of the mangrove vegetation is submerged and many of the smaller keys disappear. The birdlife of the region includes such rare and beautiful species as the great white heron, the roseate spoonbill, the reddish egret, the white-crowned pigeon and the man-o'-war bird. Few of the keys provide year-round habitat for the Key deer. Big Pine is unique among the Florida keys for the abundance of diverse kinds of wildlife food plants and browse. Moreover, unlike many of the smaller keys, Big Pine's limestone rock formation is broken up by pockets that hold sufficient fresh water throughout the year. During drought periods in particular, the deer are often concentrated upon Big Pine."

SAVING THE KEY DEER.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

This graphic description of the habitat brings out the natural hazards, and to these must be added other hazards of more recent growth, the increasing number of those developing the land, the winter residents and those on holiday. "As the keys have become better known, more and more of the former range of the deer has become the site of homes, resorts, fishing camps, towns, farms, and even a few minor industries aside from the 'tourist industry.' Oil, gas, and mineral rights have even been reserved on the few islands now remaining to the Key deer. Should the small group of islands around Big Pine be invaded and developed further by civilisation, the small number of Key deer remaining would have little chance for survival over any extended period."

the main ways in which the human race is ousting wild-life, by encroachment on and alteration of the natural habitat. Another major contributory cause was poaching. The deer were hunted with packs of dogs, and the vegetation in their habitat was set on fire to drive the deer into the sea, where they were despatched from boats. A third main cause arose from road casualties. The keys on which the remnant of these deer is found form part of a long barrier reef extending from the mainland southward to Key West, which is now connected by an overseas highway. On this highway, casualties among the deer were caused by motorised traffic.

In January 1950, a memorandum over the signature of James Silver, of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, drew attention to the urgency of the problem. In due course, public support was aroused and attempts were made to pass legisla-

tion through Congress to set aside the habitat of the deer in public ownership. The first efforts came during the eighty-first Congress, in the form of a Bill introduced by Congressman Charles E. Bennett, which was "approved by the Committee... but failed of passage because of a single dissenting vote when the Bill was placed on the consent calendar of the House." The next year, a Bill introduced by Congressman Lantaff "died in committee." Another attempt in the following year "was thrown out on a point of order..."

The habitat required for the preservation of the key deer covered 10,000 acres, the cost of which was estimated at 300,000 dollars. It was not the charge on public funds, which this implied, that drew opposition to the Bill, but the fear that the setting aside of so much public land permanently would curb the aspirations of those wishing to build houses, and would reduce the revenue from taxes. Such things repre-

sent the conflicting interests that must be met in all conservation. In this instance, a compromise in the form of a restricted habitat was proposed and endeavours were made to study the habits of the deer to see what minimum area would achieve the end of preserving this threatened mammal, as well as other species of wild-life indigenous to the area.

Meanwhile, interested landowners on the spot, a warden whose salary was paid by the Boone and Crockett Club of New York, and wild-life officials were able to curb poaching and reduce the annual devastating fires. At the same time, through the arousing of the public conscience, motorists took more care on the highway, thus reducing casualties there. By 1955, the population of the deer had risen to 112, and it was being recognised that 3000 acres would suffice for the salvation of the key deer. The present Report merely suggests that "the population may now exceed 100 animals," so that, presumably, the battle has yet to be won.



"PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO BECOMING ANOTHER CASUALTY AMONG NORTH AMERICAN ANIMALS": THE FLORIDA KEY DEER (*ODOCOILEUS VIRGINIANUS CLAVIUM*), WHICH IS ALSO KNOWN AS SPANISH DEER OR TOY DEER. THE AVERAGE ADULT MEASURES ABOUT 38 INS. FROM NOSE TO TAIL AND WEIGHS ABOUT 50 LB.

Photograph by W. C. Maytum, New Port Richey, Florida.

The key deer figured on the list of threatened animals drawn up by the Survival Service of the International Union for Conservation, and although to-day its future seems to be moderately well assured, the story of the efforts made to save it is worth recounting briefly, for if nothing else it shows the pattern of interests militating against any form of conservation. Little notice seems to have been taken of the plight of the deer until within the last decade, and although its numbers in the past may have been sufficient to allay anxiety, by 1947 these had been reduced to 70, and 200 is reckoned to be the minimum required for survival. By 1950, matters had become worse, the estimate then being "... possibly 25 head, but certainly not more than 50."

The less reprehensible causes contributing to this diminution in numbers, such as the winter visitors, purchase of land for building houses, increase in population in Florida and the fashion of spending holidays on the keys, represent one of



ONE OF THE OLMEC MEGALITHIC SCULPTURES, OF AT LEAST 2000 YEARS AGO, FOUND AT LA VENTA AND NOW RE-ERECTED IN A PARK AT VILLAHERMOSA.

MOVING AN ENTIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL ZONE: LA VENTA MEGALITHS NOW AT VILLAHERMOSA.



THIS IS ONE OF THE TYPES OF LA VENTA MEGALITHIC SCULPTURE; AND IT IS OFTEN THOUGHT TO BE AN ALTAR, BUT THERE IS NO REAL CONFIRMATION OF THIS BELIEF.



A DETAIL FROM ONE OF THE LARGEST STELAE, NOW AT VILLAHERMOSA. IT IS UNDERGOING SOME REPAIR. THE FACE IS TOTALLY UNLIKE THE "BIG HEADS."



ONE OF THE SMALLER LA VENTA SCULPTURES, TYPICALLY OLMEC, AND IN A KNEELING POSE, BEING EXAMINED BY AN AUTHORITY, MR. WILLIAM SPRATLING.

AT about the beginning of the Christian era, or perhaps 200 years earlier (as now seems more likely), the Olmecs, America's earliest great culture, left in the jungle at La Venta, a series of forty-three mounds, where in 1942 Mathew Sterling, Miguel Covarrubias and others uncovered a series of colossal sculptures in basalt and andesite, the sources of which were a considerable number of miles away from the original site of the monuments. Twenty-seven of these sculptures have now been collected from the impenetrable jungle and set down in open parkland at Villahermosa, in the Mexican state of Tabasco. As Mr. William Spratling writes: "To-day perhaps no city in the whole of Mexico, nor, for that matter, on the entire continent, is as rich in monuments from America's most inscrutable earliest history. . . . Starting with a small museum

[Continued opposite.]

MASTERPIECES OF OLMEC SCULPTURE: "BIG HEADS" AND *STELAI* OF LA VENTA.



ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST TYPICALLY OLMEC OF THE "BIG HEADS" OF LA VENTA, NOW IN THE VILLAHERMOSA PARK. IT IS SOMEWHERE ABOUT 10 FT. HIGH.



AN EXTREMELY FINE AND MOVING PIECE OF LARGE-SCALE SCULPTURE—PRESUMABLY ILLUSTRATING A FEELING OF SACRIFICE AND UNUSUAL IN THE GROUP.

Continued.

there in Villahermosa . . . Carlos Pellicer, Mexico's poet and organiser-of-museums-in-the-provinces, has transplanted twenty-seven of the greatest monolithic Olmec sculptures from La Venta to his native Villahermosa, the first case in history where an entire archæological zone has been moved bodily to a new site. The physical means of the move was the magnificent machinery lent by Don Antonio Bermudez, of Mexican Petroleum (with the blessing of the Mexican Anthropological Department) and the 15-acre site,



THIS CAN BE COMPARED WITH THE PARALLEL FIGURE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. IT MAY BE A MOTHERHOOD FIGURE, OR PERHAPS A SACRIFICE TO A FERTILITY DEITY.



ANOTHER OF THE GIANT "BIG HEADS," WEARING THE TYPICAL "AMERICAN FOOTBALLER'S HELMET." THESE HEADS ARE COMPLETE IN THEMSELVES, NOT FRAGMENTS.

complete with tropical lake and palm trees, between the airport and the city, was provided by the Governor of Tabasco, Miguel Ororico de los Llanos. . . . The smallest of the monoliths weighs 6 tons and the largest 37, and this last remains at La Venta, because, although modern machinery could move it, it is too heavy for the new highway bridges into Villahermosa." The photographs were taken by Mery St. Alban and Commander Michael Parker, during the latter's recent visit to Mexico.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

LAPEYROUSIA CRUENTA AND FELLOW-AFRICAN.

LAPEYROUSIA CRUENTA, known also as *Anomatheca cruenta*, is one of the innumerable and enchantingly beautiful Cape bulbs—ixias, sparaxis, babianas, tritonias, and the rest, the majority of which require the comfort of a cool greenhouse, from which winter frost is excluded. A few of them may be grown in the open air, in the milder districts of Britain, especially if they are given

There is one Cape bulb which is not only perfectly hardy, but which seems positively to resent being grown under glass. This is *Schizostylis coccinea*, and its two pink-flowered varieties, "Mrs. Hegarty" and "Viscountess Byng." I remember a huge bed of the scarlet-flowered type, *S. coccinea*, growing, more than fifty years ago, at the famous old nursery of James Backhouse, in York. The bed, facing north, was shaded by a hedge and a background of trees, yet the plants, in spite of coming from South Africa, spread and increased freely, and flowered profusely year after year, despite its being Yorkshire. Yet I see it described as "hardy in warm positions." I have seen it, too, flourishing in a garden high up on the edge of the moors above Ilkley, in Yorkshire. The slightly bulbous rhizomatous roots spread freely and it is best to lift and replant the bed when, after a few years, the growth has become overcrowded. The leaves are erect and iris-like, and the scarlet flowers are carried in a tapered spike to a height of about 2 ft. late in the year, October and November. Roots may be lifted and potted-up, to be flowered under glass, and this system of cultivation has the advantage of producing flowers unblemished by the sort of weather which usually prevails during its natural outdoor time of flowering.

Neither at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, nor in my present garden in the Cotswolds have I ever lost any of my *Lapeyrousia* plants growing in the open through winter cold, and I would add that I have never given them any protection, neither a covering of bracken or other litter, nor the ever-popular glass wigwams with which timid amateurs comfort themselves and all too often coddle perfectly hardy plants to death. As a cut flower *Lapeyrousia cruenta* is delightful. Personally, I prefer a few stems of it quite "unarranged" in a small specimen vase. It does not seem to be the sort of flower that would lend itself to joining in mannered tricks with a lot of other flowers.

The soft, pink-flowered variety, *S. c.* "Mrs. Hegarty," makes a charming companion for the scarlet-flowered type. There is, too, another



THE KAFFIR LILY, *SCHIZOSTYLIS COCCINEA*: SPRAYS SHOWING THE MANNER OF GROWTH OF THIS LATE-FLOWERING CAPE BULB. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

light, warm soil, and a position at the foot of a south wall. But *Lapeyrousia cruenta* is hardier than the general run of these borderland Cape bulbs, and it is one of the cheeriest and most charming of them all. It grows to a height of 9 to 12 ins., with a fan of iris-like leaves and a slender, wiry stem carrying anything from four or five up to a dozen flowers. The plant's manner of inflorescence is most curious and characteristic of a great many of the Cape bulbs. Having reached its appointed height, the wiry flower-stem branches off from the perpendicular at an angle of about 45 degrees, and from this angled terminal the flowers, with slender, inch-long corolla-tubes, stand bolt upright. The colour of the flowers is described in the R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening" as carmine-crimson, with "a blackish blotch at the base of the petals." The colour is intensely brilliant, and personally I would describe it as cherry-red, stewed red cherries with just a dash of cream stirred in. But as to the very striking flame-shaped "blotch" at the base of the three lower petals, it most certainly is not "blackish." It is a deep and brilliant edition of the main colour of the petals, so deep as to amount almost to mahogany, though without losing any of its lively red brilliance.

Lapeyrousia cruenta is quite easy to grow, and fortunately the bulbs are reasonably inexpensive to buy.



AND A CLOSE-UP OF THE INDIVIDUAL FLOWERS OF THE PINK-FLOWERED VARIETY—"MRS. HEGARTY." (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day.

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pink-flowered variety, "Viscountess Byng." This is a more recent introduction than "Mrs. Hegarty," and in my experience it flowers a good deal later than the older variety, or the scarlet type. It would seem, therefore, to be better suited for pot cultivation under glass, where its very lateness, and the protection from the horrors of oncoming winter in the open garden should make the flowers doubly welcome. The flower spikes of *Schizostylis*, both scarlet and pink, are delightful for cutting for the house. Some roots of *S. c.* "Viscountess Byng" planted out in a narrow border at the foot of the back wall of my unheated lean-to greenhouse do not flower very happily. They look pale and debilitated. I must dig them up and transfer them to more austere conditions. How important it is to keep an eye on certain plants, lest a hint of spoiling or pampering prompts them to play up with the pathetic little invalid racket!



AFTER A FATAL ASCENT OF MONT BLANC: THE FUNERAL OF THE THREE MOUNTAINEERS LEAVING THE CHURCH AT CHAMONIX. Marysette Agnel, a famous ski-champion, her husband the Alpine guide Armand Charlet, and Father Bruneau Duvernay were all killed on July 19 when attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc on the Italian side. The funeral took place in the church where Marysette and her husband, Armand Charlet, had been married eighteen months previously.

FROM CHAMONIX TO KEW: A MISCELLANY OF TOPICAL ITEMS.



AN ELECTRONIC WEATHER-VANE ERECTED ON A 140-FT. TOWER AT AACHEN, WEST GERMANY, IN WHICH A SYSTEM OF NEON LIGHTS WILL INDICATE WIND DIRECTION, ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE AND OTHER WEATHER DATA.



WHERE THE MURAL DESIGNS INDICATE DEPARTMENTS OF ADMINISTRATION: THE HUGE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS SKYSCRAPER AT OSLO, IN NORWAY. INSIDE THE BUILDING ARE SAND-BLASTED MURALS AFTER DESIGNS BY PICASSO.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S LATEST SUBMARINE, H.M.S. PORPOISE, IN THE POOL OF LONDON, WHERE SHE BERTHED ON JULY 28 FOR A FOUR-DAY VISIT OF INSPECTION. H.M.S. *Porpoise*, which is the Navy's latest operational submarine of post-war design, is diesel-electric powered. Many of her details are still secret, but she is capable of high submerged speeds and long endurance. She has no visible deck armaments and the only superstructure is the 20-ft.-high conning tower, now known as the "fin." She has eight torpedo tubes.



WITH ENGINES AND PASSENGERS' ENTRANCE BOTH AT THE REAR OF THE FUSELAGE: AIR FRANCE'S FIRST CARAVELLE AIRLINER DEMONSTRATED AT LONDON AIRPORT. On July 29, Air France demonstrated at London Airport the first *Caravelle* airliner to be delivered to them for commercial service. This aircraft, which is built by Sud-Aviation, is powered by two Rolls-Royce *Avon* turbo-jets. The first prototype flew in May 1955. The normal accommodation is for 80 passengers, and it is designed as a medium-range airliner.



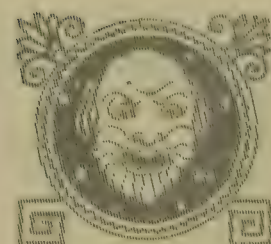
THE RESULT OF NEW LAMPS FOR OLD: A DUMP OF THE OLD STREET LAMPS OF GREENWICH, STACKED AT THE TUNNEL AVENUE DEPOT AND AWAITING A FATE—WHICH DOES NOT SEEM TO INCLUDE SHEDDING SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.



A MAGNIFICENT NEW ADORNMENT FOR KEW GARDENS: A PAIR OF MAGNIFICENT CHINESE STONE GUARDIAN LIONS PRESENTED BY SIR JOHN RAMSDEN, BART. These two impressive statues of fine workmanship now stand on the south-east side of the pond at Kew Gardens, overlooking the water. It is possible that they are of Ming date, but may more likely be eighteenth-century works in the Ming style.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



MAKING US LAUGH

By ALAN DENT.

WHEN I was in Hollywood nearly five years ago and was shown round the Paramount Studios I noticed a bicycle leaning against a wall. It was marked with the name of the only film-star I had already met in London—"Danny Kaye." So I did myself the honour, with nobody's permission, of mounting it and riding round the outside of the block in which Mr. Kaye was there and then making "Knock on Wood."

The sole relevance of this momentous anecdote is that Mr. Kaye makes his first appearance in his new film, "Merry Andrew," riding his bicycle in the guise of a young English schoolmaster, whistling gaily, and coming a cropper when the tail of his college-gown gets caught in the back-axle.

In the diary I kept throughout my trip round the U.S.A. I find this record about the evening of that same day when I visited Mr. Kaye in his home:—"We had a mighty amusing talk mainly on the subject of phonetics and accents, of which he is, of course, a sublime exponent. He is very much the mercurial gnome I found him at our only other meeting—at the tail-end of his triumphal first season at the London Palladium, an occasion which made music-hall history. He has a curious sadness behind all his obstreperous skylarking. He is one-third Pan, one-third Ariel, and one-third just a film-star who would just as soon, and perhaps rather, be on the stage."

This I quote mainly because of the curious coincidence that in his new film Mr. Kaye is a schoolmaster whose hobby is archæology and whose special interest is in the god Pan himself. He sings a fairly rollicking song on the subject to his classroom of awfully nice little English boys, and at the end of term he goes off to search for a little statue of Pan which is said to lie buried in a very English field near the school.

He finds the field temporarily inhabited by a very Italian circus run by one Antonio Gallini

this comedy—and indeed of the generality of film-comedies. These attain an uproarious sequence only at the end of, or at the expense of, each *mauvais quart d'heure*. Things are not helped

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



DANNY KAYE AS MERRY ANDREW IN A CIRCUS SCENE FROM M.-G.-M.'S FILM OF THE SAME NAME.

Of his choice this time Alan Dent writes: "There is a mythological streak in the screen-character of Danny Kaye which makes him quite unlike all other comedians, present or past. This comes out particularly in his new film, 'Merry Andrew' (M.-G.-M.), in which he is an archæologically-minded young schoolmaster who goes in search of a long-buried statue of Pan and finds a circus pitched on the surface of the same field. Mr. Kaye has had better opportunities, a more comical plot, and much livelier songs to sing. But it is always a pleasure to watch his antics and hear his nonsense (some of it distinctly satirical). And if he does not make us laugh enough in this new film, he keeps us always smiling."

in the case of "Merry Andrew" by the fact that the songs, almost without exception, have insufficiently witty words and insufficiently sparkling tunes. They are, frankly, trite and flat, and it takes all of Mr. Kaye's natural exuberance to prevent

them seeming so even in the course of their performance. In retrospect they are much duller than those we have had in precedent Danny Kaye films.

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE KEY" (Columbia. Generally Released: July 28).—Sir Carol Reed lifts an uninspiring nautical-seaport story out of the rut, with much help from Trevor Howard, some from William Holden, and only a little from Sophia Loren.

"THE WHOLE TRUTH" (Columbia. Generally Released: August 4).—A fairly routine tale of murder which has its moments and also Stewart Granger and Donna Reed.

"THE VIKINGS" (United Artists. Generally Released: August 4).—Kirk Douglas and Ernest Borgnine alternately snarl and royster as cruel Norsemen raiding England and capturing a cold British princess who is not so much acted as presented on a cold plate by Janet Leigh. All well enough in its way, which is the old and early Douglas Fairbanks way.

The really enjoyable thing about Mr. Kaye's Andrew is that, throughout it, he is very quietly guying the accent of the well-bred Englishman—so quietly, in fact, that well-bred English audiences won't perceive the satire at all, though it will provoke much laughter among Americans, Scots, Irish, lower English income-groups, and other riff-raff of that sort! Here is an example of the kind of thing satirised. As a schoolboy in Scotland I was solemnly—and, I think, seriously—assured by my English master that Pall Mall, the heart of London's clubland, was correctly pronounced Pell Mell. Forty years have passed, and I now live a yard away from that noble thoroughfare which I continue to call "Pall Mall." So, I notice, do Cockney cab-drivers. Most of their customers, on the other hand, distinctly call it "Pell Mell"—as Mr. Kaye's Andrew most certainly would! Let me leave this topic alone now (as a subject for argument in such places as Pall Mall) with the final spark of information (just to bring it to the boil and make everything really difficult)—that Pall Mall was in former days usually spelled "Pell Mell." Rightly or wrongly? I know not.

Another born comic in an intermittently comical film is Louis de Funes in "Vive Monsieur Blaureau." This is a lean, ferret-faced little Frenchman with a visage full of mischief, rather like the great Irish comedian, Barry Fitzgerald, when we first set eyes on him in "The Silver Tassie", Sean O'Casey's memorable tragi-comedy. M. de Funes here plays a poacher in a small, very French provincial town—a poacher who is indispensable to the community but who has to be put away occasionally in a prison run by one M. Blumette who has the immense blandness of the manager of a luxury hotel. Undeniably and inestimably funny are those scenes in which the culprit and this most magnanimous of gaolers slip out of the prison's back door one night to go poaching together—to the consternation and panic of the town's fat constable who is certain that he has seen a double ghost. But this film, too, has its laboured sequences and goes on too long.

Feeling, somehow, that I might, in my middle age, be becoming over-hard to please in this matter of film-comedy, I had the inspiration (or the luck)



MERRY ANDREW ABOUT TO COME TO GRIEF ON HIS BICYCLE IN THE NEW FILM, WHICH MR. DENT DESCRIBES AS "A CONSISTENTLY AMIABLE COMEDY." (LONDON PREMIERE: EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE, JULY 23.)

(M. Baccaloni) who has five strong acrobatic sons and a fair and lithe young daughter (Pier Angeli) whose brothers and father jealously guard her. How Andrew temporarily stops digging to become a comic ringmaster (especially comic in a blown-up suit which elevates him to the top of the circus tent), a clown, a flying-trapezist (against his will), and the well-guarded little Selena's sweetheart (also somewhat against his will, since he already has a fiancée whom he is due to wed)—how all these things come about and turn out is the whole business of "Merry Andrew."

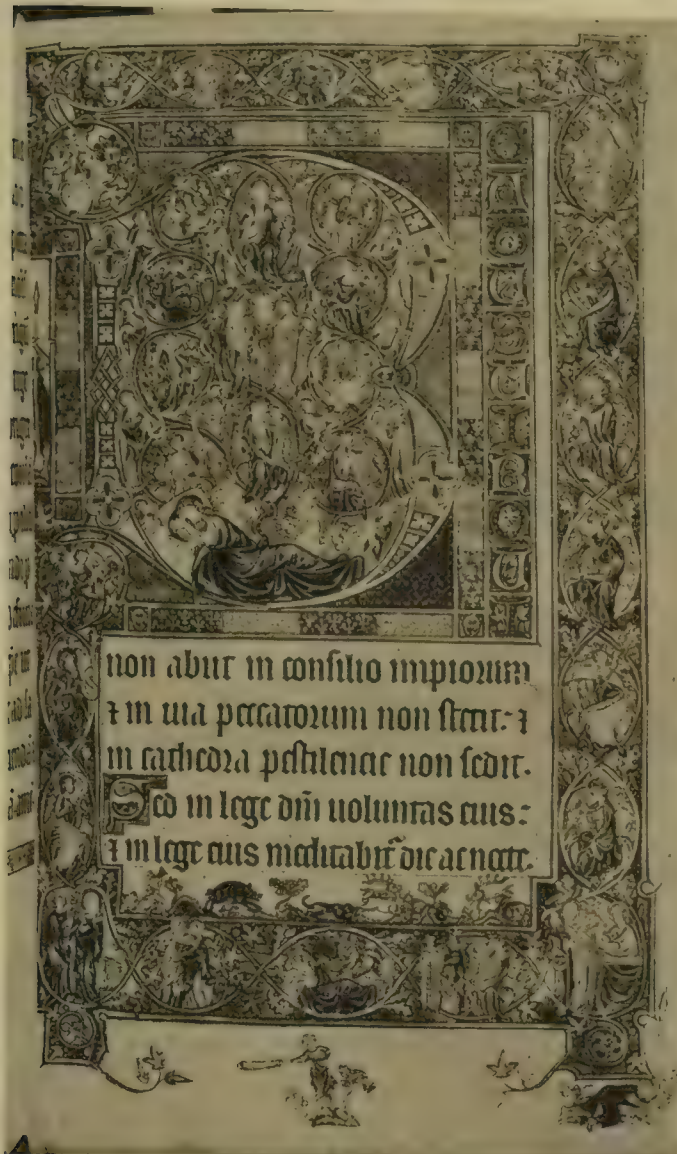
It must be said here and now that, while it is a consistently amiable comedy, it is only gorgeously funny at rather rare intervals. Let me coin the word "down-roarious" for considerable stretches of



A "LITTLE FRENCHMAN WITH A VISAGE FULL OF MISCHIEF": LOUIS DE FUNES AS MONSIEUR BLAUREAU IN THE FRENCH FILM COMEDY "VIVE MONSIEUR BLAUREAU." (LONDON PREMIERE: CAMEO POLY, JULY 17.)

suddenly to discover that one of London's useful little repertory-cinemas was running a Marx Brothers Week—"At the Circus" in the first half of the week, and the unsurpassable "Night at the Opera" in the second. Here was bliss unqualified, for "At the Circus" was quite new to me. Here was Groucho in a really funny song, rhyming "Lydia" with "encyclo-piddia." Here was Harpo more masterly than ever at his harp, and Chico more witty-fingered than ever at his piano. And here was that gorgeous matron, Margaret Dumont, being asked by Groucho whether she remembered how, long years ago, he had drunk champagne from her slipper, "two quarts of it." This was reassuring, and "a dem'd good show," and barely five miles away from Pall Mall!

MANUSCRIPT MASTERPIECES, ENGLISH AND INDIAN: A B. M. BEQUEST.



FROM ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF "EAST ANGLIAN" MINIATURE PAINTING: THE "BEATUS" INITIAL IN THE GORLESTON PSALTER (EARLY FOURTEENTH CENTURY), NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

OF the collection of about 150 illuminated manuscripts bequeathed to the British Museum by the late Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins (who died in January at the age of 93), the two finest are the Gorleston Psalter and the Khamsah of Nizami. Both of these are now on exhibition in the Grenville Library—and we reproduce here two pages from each. The Gorleston Psalter was made in the early fourteenth century for the Church of St. Andrew at Gorleston, near Yarmouth, and in the later Middle Ages it seems to have belonged to Norwich Cathedral Priory. It is full of illuminations and miniatures, great and small, of the finest execution. The Khamsah is a collection of five romantic epics by the Persian poet Nizami (who died in 1201), and it was copied in 1595 by the calligrapher 'Abd ul-Rahim, for the library of the Emperor Akbar. It is beautifully decorated and contains 37 miniatures by Indian artists. It is considered "the most wonderful Indian manuscript in Europe."



THE SPLENDID CRUCIFIXION PAGE OF THE MID-FOURTEENTH CENTURY WHICH WAS ADDED TO THE GORLESTON PSALTER, BEQUEATHED EARLIER THIS YEAR BY THE LATE MR. C. W. DYSON PERRINS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



FROM THE SAME DYSON PERRINS BEQUEST: "SHIRIN STABS HERSELF ON THE TOMB OF KHUSRAU," ONE OF THE MINIATURES IN THE KHAMSAH, A COLLECTION OF SIX ROMANTIC EPICS BY THE POET NIZAMI, COPIED IN 1595 FOR THE MOGUL EMPEROR AKBAR.



A HUNTING SCENE FROM THE INSIDE COVER OF NIZAMI'S KHAMSAH—ONE OF THE COLLECTION OF MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATED MANUSCRIPTS BEQUEATHED IN JANUARY THIS YEAR TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY THE LATE MR. C. W. DYSON PERRINS.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

HERE we have a good chance of considering what the novel *ought* to be: whether its nub should be the passions of men and women, or the predicaments of the age, or simply an "imagined tale." The writer may take his choice; but all the same I have no doubt. In the present week, I am for "Lindeman's Daughters," by Synnove Christensen (translated by Mervyn Savill; Barrie; 18s.), with its individual passion, its defiant epigraph: "'This is a book of little importance,' he said, 'for it deals merely with what women experience in a parlour.'"

Though, I must add, the quotation is so delusive as to make one smile. Here we are very remote from Virginia Woolf's notion of a parlour—from the interplay of fine shades and nice feelings. This domestic drama unfolds in Norway in the late eighteenth century, to the tune of swinish drinking; it starts outrageously and ends frightfully. Still, it is domestic and nothing but. "Mounseer" Lindeman, born a clod though Frenchified into a painter and drawing-room beau, married a Kileman of Grogstad; indeed, she threw herself at his head. Since when, he has done nothing but drink and whore, to spite Madam Kileman for despising him; not but what he worships his Rikke. . . . There are three little girls. For their benefit, Rikke manages to succumb under her mother's roof; the widower raves himself into a collapse; after the funeral Grogstad is burnt down, and Madam Kileman dies of heart failure. So now who will support the girls? Anne Pernille is nearly sixteen—warm-hearted, but with the Kileman horse-sense and determination. She idolises her father, but can't help seeing that he is no use; if they are to escape starvation or beggary, it must be her doing. And the only possible resource is a husband: a rich, good man, willing to take the younger ones and marry them off. Her first suitor meets the case; though incidentally, he is a gross, ageing sea-captain who revolts her. Lindeman is outraged; the children burst into tears, and think her mad. But she *will* do it; she will grit her teeth and be "good" to Oleson. . . . The ensuing nightmare is tempered only by his profession; he is away half the year. Then his wife can breathe. And at last, inevitably, she falls in love—with a rococo fly-by-night, as shifty as Lindeman but much harder. So the end could never have been happy. It might have been less atrocious—but there was no guarantee, with an Oleson morally deliquescent and always drunk. Yet he is not a bad man; while Anne Pernille is fury as well as victim. And the ample setting never outbids the feel of intense experience.

OTHER FICTION.

One might say that "A World of Strangers," by Nadine Gordimer (Gollancz; 16s.), is all setting. Toby, the narrator, has been surfeited as a child with liberal ideals, oppressed persons and public virtue. He wants no more of them; his ideal is to be privileged with an easy mind. It is in this spirit that he confronts South Africa—bent on enjoying *ad lib.*, without reference to the colour problem. And it works up to a point. He does enjoy The High House, a magnate's fairyland for super-D.P.s. He gets off with one of the crowd, a divorced houri; women should all be houris, for his money. So that he has a kind of grudge against Anna Louw, as a moral Vortrekker; but still they are friends, and it is through her that he meets his other self. Steven is back, but sick of it. He loathes Causes. He wants to live—and is living, as an enormously popular and slippery Robin Hood. And Toby can never mention him to Cecil: not till they are washed up and it doesn't matter.

Meanwhile, there has been no story. It is all study: copious, acute, dazzling at first, then daunting—in spite of the male impersonation. But at last one wants something to happen. And one wants someone for it to happen to. Steven has no impact.

"King's Daughter," by Jane Gaskell (Hutchinson; 15s.), is an "imagined tale" out and out. In that far-off time when the continents were different, and there was no moon—though even then princesses were running away in boy's clothes—Bulinga makes her escape from Grood, seeking her mother's country. She never gets there, but has all manner of adventures with traders, bandits, libertines and Religious Police. All gorgeously described. The novelist is 16, and this is her second book.

"Deep Water," by Patricia Highsmith (Heinemann; 15s.), presents Victor and Melinda Van Allen at the turning-point of their marriage. Vic is letting fall to the current Insufferable: "If I really don't like somebody, I kill them. . . . You remember Malcolm McRae?" This McRae having been slugged by an unknown in New York. The current swain does remember. He was already a little scared, by Vic's "dead-calm attitude." He takes himself off. A No. 2 swain gets a similar dose—and takes himself off. And there is chuckling and applause in Little Wesley; Vic has been too patient. But then the McRae killer is arrested, and Melinda appears with a new satellite. . . . This story scarcely belongs in the thriller class: it has so much more life, death, circumstance, conviction. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM THE SOVIET SCENE TO THE REGENCY PERIOD.

MR. JOHN GUNTHER is, I suppose, the pre-eminent living example, if not actually the prototype, of what can be achieved by the expert journalist in a hurry. When his "Inside Europe" first appeared, so distinguished a critic as Sir Harold Nicolson went into raptures over it. Another critic, of hardly less distinction, compiled nearly four columns of what he claimed to be errors of fact and interpretation. You may take your choice. (I know which one I took!). Certainly, for those who do not possess any wide background knowledge against which to balance Mr. Gunther's pieces of reportage, the picture which he presents is at least clear and vivid. It will give them a comfortable sense of acquiring knowledge not only painlessly,

but with an accompaniment of positive enjoyment. And against a reputation built on such foundations the occasional gust blown by a lone expert will batter in vain. His "Inside Russia To-day" (Hamish Hamilton; 25s.) is based on several tours. Mr. Gunther has, in fact, made four visits to the Soviet Union, and seems to have understood what he has heard and seen at least as well as others who have written on the same subject.

A certain incoherence descends on authors who want to give us their impressions of Russia. That is, I suspect, because between us and them, as between Dives and Lazarus, there is a great gulf fixed. However fluently we may mutter the tongue of Tolstoi, we are still not talking the same language. Mr. Gunther has avoided this almost universal dilemma, and his slickness makes me suspicious. Every now and then one comes across passages like this:

I have a friend in Moscow.

I met him when we arrived in Moscow, and then I happened to see him again twenty-four hours later.

"How did your first day go?" he asked.

"Moderately well," I replied.

"What do you mean, moderately?"

"Well," said I, pausing for effect, "I met, shook hands with, and had brief interchanges of conversation with Khrushchev, Bulganin, Zhukov, Molotov, Gromyko, and Shepilov. That's all."

My friend, who is Russian, came near to fainting.

Well, if Mr. Gunther goes to such ham-fisted lengths of self-advertisement with the purpose of making his friend (who is Russian) come near fainting, I cannot help feeling that the same process is being applied, throughout the book, in order to produce the same result on his original readers (who are American), or on me (who am British). But I cannot deny that I have much enjoyed most of this book. One wants to meet the Soviet leaders, and here we are meeting them. They are to be found, apparently, at the Embassy receptions, which seem to go on most of the time, and at which most of the work of contact between East and West, such as it is, gets done. It seems, too, that they provide the only hunting-ground for journalists to get on with their frustrated trade. So out come their notebooks, between the plates of caviar and the glasses of vodka, as they crowd round some party pundit, getting the vaguest, and often the rudest, of replies.

Whereas "Inside Russia To-day" will be almost everyone's book, Mr. Robert Liddell's "The Morea" (Cape; 25s.) is for the connoisseur. Mr. Liddell writes prose as charming as it is careful, for he is a true artist, but he is not conscious of his readers the whole time, as is Mr. Gunther. He offers, courteously and a trifle diffidently, to share with us his experiences in the Peloponnese—but only if we will, as it were, draw up our chairs, take a glass of wine, and talk quietly together. He will not hector us, however brilliantly, from a platform. The result is, to my mind, a book of real distinction. As he takes us wandering from Corinth to Patras, from Olympia down through Arcadia to Sparta, and on to the Islands, he proves himself the most urbane, human and scholarly guide in the world.

A third study of a country and its people, Mrs. Ann Dearden's "Jordan" (Hale; 21s.), has made a timely appearance. The great test, of course, is whether the author's interpretation of the past as well as of recent events will stand up to the latest developments of the past few weeks. As one would expect from one of Mrs. Dearden's exceptional qualifications, it certainly does so. The course of Jordan's history, she tells us, has always been determined by two factors: security, and its lien on

transit trade. It is security that is preoccupying King Hussein at present.

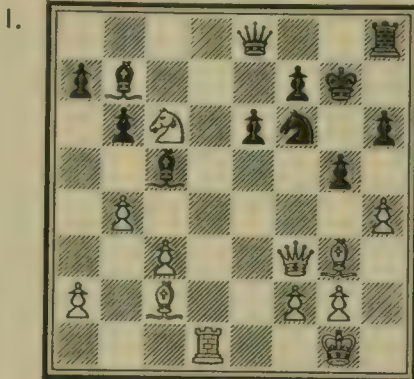
"The Regency Period" (The Connoisseur Period Guides; 42s.), edited by Ralph Edwards and L. G. G. Ramsey, goes far beyond architecture, furniture, painting and sculpture. With the beautiful china and silver of the period one is more or less familiar, but I did not know of the Regency buck's passion for glass walking-sticks, with twists of colour inside them, nor did I know that there were exactly fifteen different ways of tying your neckcloth. (I thought there were more.) Mr. Ian R. Christie, who writes compendiously on "The Age of the Prince Regent," does not spare its patron: "Obese, self-indulgent, vain, wayward, deceitful, supremely egotistic. . . ." Well, yes; there's no gainsaying all that—but at least "who's-your-fat-friend?" was neither dull nor a blockhead, and was one of the most discerning, if extravagant, patrons of the arts ever to sit on a throne.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

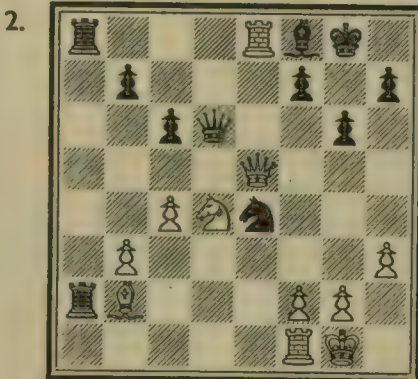
By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

PICTORIAL, this week! There is a quick win in each of these positions. The solutions (below) are very short, you will find, for each is of the type you either see in a flash—or don't.

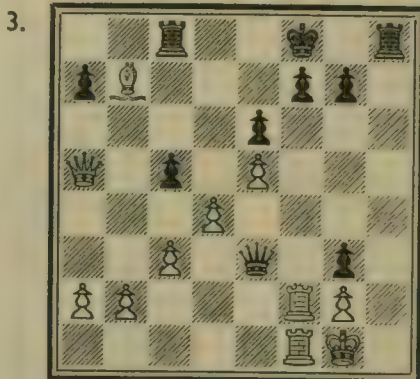
Maté is forced in each instance.



White to play.



White to play.



Black to play.

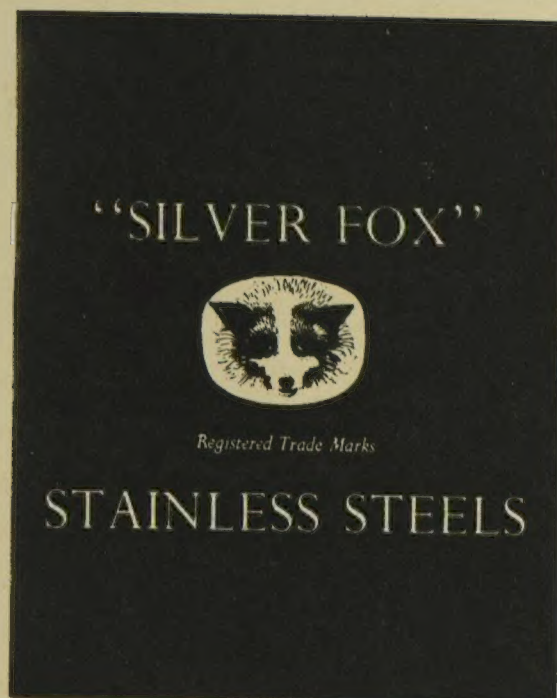
Another orgy of congress chess is on the way. At Leamington (the Town Hall), August 18 to 30; at Whitby (the Art Gallery), September 1 to 13, and at Paignton (Oldway Mansion), September 8 to 13, a total approaching 1000 players, with their friends and families, will forgather. Visitors are welcome free of charge to all these events.

The answers: 1. 1. QxKtch! KxQ; 2. B-K5 mate. 2. 1. Q-Kt7ch, KxQ; 2. Kt-B5 dbl ch, K-Kt1; 3. Kt-R6 mate. 3. 1. . . . R-R8ch; 2. KxR, Q-R3ch; 3. K-Kt1, Q-R7 mate.

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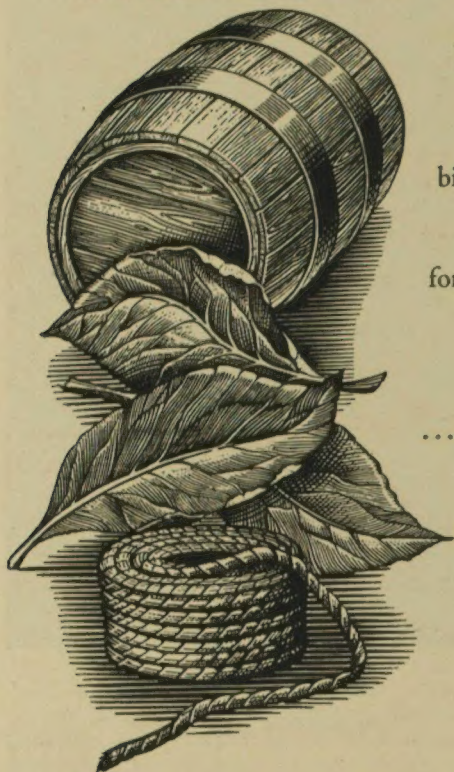
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F.433

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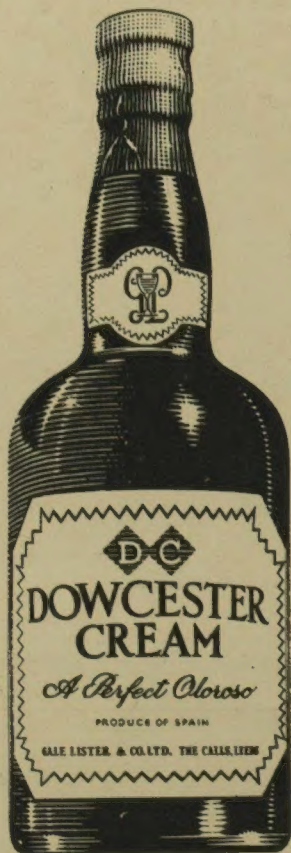


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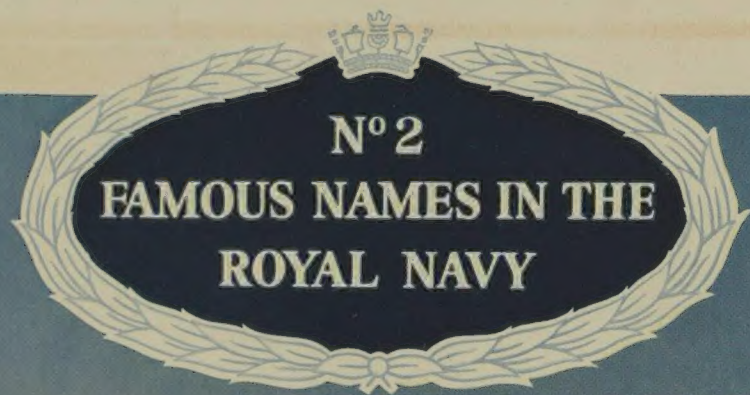
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**THE ILLUSTRATED
LONDON NEWS**

From a painting by Harold Wyllie, O.B.E., Society of Marine Artists



The cruiser H.M.S. SUPERB is the eighth to bear one of the Navy's favourite names. Among the most famous was the second SUPERB, built at Deptford in 1760. She served with distinction throughout the Indian wars in actions with romantic names like Sadras, Providien, and Cuddalore. The artist's reconstruction recaptures a typical scene as she lies off Fort St George, Madras, taking on stores and water after her successful action at Trincomalee.



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